

The Revolution.

"What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

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WHOLE NO. 127.

Poetry.

WHAT we when face to face we see
The Father of our souls, shall be.
John tells us, doth not yet appear
Ah! did he tell what we are here!

A mind for thoughts to pass into,
A heart for loves to travel through,
Five senses to detect things near,—
Is this the whole that we are here!

Rules baffle instincts, instincts, rules;
Wise men are bad, and good are fools;
Facts evil, wishes vain, appear,—
We cannot go,—why are we here?

O, may we for assurance sake
Some arbitrary judgment take,
And wiffully pronounce it clear
For this or that 'tis we are here?

Or is it right, and will it do,
To face the sad confusion through,
And say,—It doth not yet appear
What we shall be, what we are here?

Ah yet, when all is thought and said,
The heart still overrides the head,—
Still what we hope we must believe,
And what is given us receive;

Must still believe, for still we hope
That in a world of larger scope,
What here is faithfully begun
Will be completed, not undone.

My child, we still must think, when we
That simpler life together see,
Some true result will yet appear
Of what we are, together, here.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

THE TRUE BEAUTY.

He that loves a rosy cheek
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires:—
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

THOMAS CAREW.

TO A CHILD.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray
Yet ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
No noble things, nor dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that van forever,
One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The world is full of solemn tragedies,
Battles and bloodshed, and wrongs of men,
But the most pitiful are played in secret,
In the lone theatre of human souls,
With no spectators but the eye of God.

Miscellany.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE ON LITERATURE.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

THE purest passion of human nature is love for children. In disinterestedness, unselfishness; and consecration, no other love is equal to it. A babe's breath against its mother's bosom fans the holiest flame that ever kindles her heart. Even an Esquimaux drudge, sitting in Arctic darkness, brightens her dull eye with a sacred fondness for her offspring. Round the world, mother-love is next to God's love.

It may seem strange, then, that so small a share of the world's poetry has turned on this keen and eager passion. Every other love has been a thousand times celebrated in royal verse, except this one perennial pulse, that out-beats them one and all. Why has not love for children taken that high place, as a lyric and dramatic theme in literature, which it takes as a passionate reality in life?

The answer is plain: this love, though well expressed by man, is best expressed by woman; and against woman, until a comparatively recent period, the gates of literature have been shut. To the whole world's cost, woman was too long denied the pen. She has only lately learned to write. The Elizabethan poets, many-sided as they were, lacked a woman among their choir, to be not merely their peer but their counterpart. In later days, since woman has ventured to lift a pen, she has found it a Moses-rod, smiting a rock whose fountains have been hitherto sealed. The noblest use to which woman has put her new-found literary function, has been to express those peculiar phases of human experience, which man can never so pathetically state, because he can never so exquisitely feel. Many literary critics doubt whether women can ever become great writers. This doubt is born of a superficial knowledge of human nature. Sooner or later, great women must inevitably become great writers, if for no other reason, than that God leads woman into a sacred realm of human life, whose secrets no one knows, or ever can know, except herself. The Eleusinian mysteries were not half so mysterious, as the common daily experiences that women attain in the birth and death of their children. This is a chord of life that can be made to vibrate in literature only by woman's hand. This is a lore that can be written only out of woman's heart. It is not by saying well what men say better, but by saying authoritatively what men cannot say at all, that women are to become (and cannot help becoming) profound writers. No reason exists why women should not become the very chief of those heart-revealing poets, "who learn through suffering what they teach in song."

Indeed, during the quarter of a century since woman's pen has been busy in English litera-

ture, it has already contributed to our poetry many sweet records of love and grief which our language cannot afford to lose, and which posterity will not willingly let die.

When Macaulay first began to write, it was the literary fashion of his age to sneer brilliantly at woman's authorship; and he himself was among the brilliant sneerers. But side by side with his own great fame there grew up a name in English literature which, though a woman's, now serenely outshines his own. We mean the name of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Without forgetting her many faults as a writer—faults in structure and expression—faults in which her husband is still faultier—nevertheless to Mrs. Browning is due the high praise of giving to motherly affections, and yearnings, and prayers, such an expression as no other poet has ever set in hallowed verse. And other women have since followed and will follow in her train, uttering their full hearts like nightingales. The literature of the nineteenth century owes its finest specimens of artistic structure to men, but owes its noblest utterances of the affectional and religious nature to women.

It has occurred to us to transcribe three or four poems written by women, which fashion a depth of feeling not attained by men. They shall relate all to one theme—the death of children. Let the first be "Little Mattie," by Mrs. Browning—a strain to which many hearts have given a loving response, and at which many eyes have shed tender tears:

Dead! Thirteen a month ago!
Short and narrow her life's walk;
Lover's love she could not know
Even by a dream or talk:
Too young to be glad of youth,
Missing honor, labor, rest,
And the warmth of a babe's mouth
At the blossom of her breast.
Must you pity her for this,
And for all the loss it is,
You, her mother, with wet face,
Having had all in your case?

Just so young but yesternight,
Now she is so old as death.
Mock, obedient in your sight,
Gentle to a look or breath
Only on last Monday! Yours,
Answering you like silver bells
Lightly touched! An hour matured
You can teach her nothing else.
She has seen the mystery hid
Under Egypt's pyramid:
By those cyclopean piles and domes
Now she knows what Rhameses knows.

Cross her quiet hands, and smooth
Down her patient locks of silk,
Cold and passive as in truth
You your fingers to spill milk
But her lips you cannot bring
Into saying a word more.
"Yes," or "No," or such a thing
Though you call and beg, and wreat
Half your soul out in a speech,
She will be there in default
And most innocent revolt.

As, and if she spoke, may be
She would answer like the sea.

"What is now 'twixt thee and me?"
Dreadful answer! better none.
Yours on Monday, God's to-day!
Yours, your child, your blood, your heart,
Called.....you called her, did you say,
"Little Mattie" for your part?
Now already it sounds strange,
And you wonder, in this change,
What He calls His angel-creature,
Higher up than you can reach her.

'Twas a green and easy world
As she took it; room to play,
(Though one's hair might get uncured
At the far end of the day).
What she suffered she shook off
In the sunshine; what she sinned
She could pray on high enough
To keep safe above the wind.
If reproved by God or you,
'Twas to better her, she knew;
And if crossed she gathered still
'Twas to cross out something ill.

You, you had the right, you thought,
To survey her with sweet scorn,
Poor gay child, who had not caught
Yet the octave stretch forlorn
Of your larger wisdom! Nay,
Now your places are changed so,
In that same superior way
She regards you dull and low
As you did herself exempt
From life's sorrows. Grand contempt
Of the spirits risen awhile,
Who look back with such a smile!

There's the sting oft. That, I think,
Hurts the most a thousand-fold!
To feel sudden, at a wink,
Some dear child we used to scold,
Praise, love both ways, kiss and tease,
Tuck and tumble as our own,
All its curls about our knees,
Rise up suddenly full-grown.
Who could wonder such a sight
Made a woman mad outright?
Shew me Michael with the sword
Rather than such angels, Lord!

Mrs. Maria White Lowell wrote very little, but she wrote one tender and true poem which her husband (perhaps our chief American poet) was proud to publish side by side with his own works—a little, unpretentious, and doubtless unremediated strain, which has had a strange popularity, and which, slight as the structure is, nevertheless has proved itself strong enough to bear up the heavy load of many a mother's grief:

We wreathed about our darling's head the morning-glory bright.
Her little face looked out beneath, so full of love and light,
So lit as with a sunrise, that we could only say,
She is the morning-glory true, and her poor types are they.

So always, from that happy time, we called her by their name,
And very fitting did it seem, for sure, as morning came,
Behind her cradle-bars she smiled to catch the first faint ray
As from the trellis smiles the flower, and opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear their airy cups of blue,
As turned her sweet eyes to the light, trimmed with
sleep's tender dew,
And not so close their tenderly fine round their sup-
ports are thrown,
As those dear arms, whose outstretched ples clasped all
hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come, even as comes the
flower,
The last and perfect added gift to crown love's morning
hour,
And how in her was imaged forth the love we could not
see,

As on the little dewdrops round shines back the heart
of day.

We never could have thought, O God, that she must
wither up

Almost before a day was flown, like the morning-glory's
cup:

We never thought to see her droop her fair and noble
head,

Till she lay stretched before our eyes, wilted and cold
and dead.

The morning-glory's blossoming will soon be coming
round,

We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves uprising from
the ground,

The tender things the winter killed, renew again their
birth.

But the glory of our morning has passed away from
earth

O earth! in vain our aching eyes stretch over thy green
plain,

Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air, her spirit to
sustain:

But up in groves of Paradise, full surely we shall see
Our Morning-Glory, beautiful, twine round our dear
Lord's knee.

Not to multiply quotations, let us add only
one more: and it shall be from Adelaide Anne
Proctor, who lived and died a Roman Catholic,
and whom we would not (if we could) have per-
suaded to be a Protestant—at least not until
after she had written these exquisite and immor-
tal lines:

Our God in Heaven, from that holy place,
To each of us an Angel guide has given;
But mothers of dead children have more grace—
For they give Angels to their God and Heaven.

How can a Mother's heart feel cold or weary
Knowing her dearest self safe, happy, warm?
How can she feel her road too dark or dreary,
Who knows her treasure sheltered from the storm.

How can she sin? Our hearts may be unheeding,
Our God forgot, our holy Saints defied;
But can a mother hear her dead child pleading,
And thrust those little angel-hands aside?

Those little hands stretched down to draw her ever
Nearer to God by mother love.—we all
Are blind and weak, yet surely she can never,
With such a stake in Heaven, fall or fall.

She knows that when the mighty Angels raise
Chorus in Heaven, one little silver tone
Is her's forever, that one little praise,
One little happy voice, is all her own.

We may not see her sacred crown of glory,
But all the Angels fitting to and fro
Pause smiling as they pass—they look up, a hie
—As mother of an angel whom they know.

One whom they left nestled at Mary's feet—
The children's place in Heaven—who softly sings
A little chant to please them, slow and sweet,
Or smiling strokes their little folded wings:

Or gives them Her white lilies or Her beads
To play with—yes, in spite of flower or song,
They often lift a wistful look that pleads
And asks her why their mother stays so long.

Then our dear Queen makes answer she will call
Her very soon; meanwhile they are beguiled
To wait and listen while she tells them all
A story of Her Jesus as a child.

Ah, Saints in Heaven may pray with earnest will!
And pity for their weak and erring brothers—
Yet there is prayer in Heaven more tender still—
The little Children pleading for their mothers.

We appeal to any thoughtful reader who
knows these poems, or who will take any pains
to know them (for a genuine poem cannot be
properly weighed by merely reading it once, or
twice, or thrice), whether these do not possess
a subtle quality that places them just as far be-
yond man's expression as they are beyond
man's experience. Indeed, what man could
have written either of them without losing from
the verse the unmistakable womanly quality
which constitutes its predominant charm?

Woman's influence on English literature is
growing stronger and richer every day. Al-
ready many of the sweetest hymns used in our
churches are the compositions of women—as,

for instance, "Nearer, my God, to Thee,"
written by Sarah Flower Adams. In certain
qualities of mind, the greatest novelist of our
time is a woman—the author of "Adam Bede"
and "Romola." Next to "Bunyan's Pilgrim,"
no book has made a profounder impression on
mankind than Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom." A
Frenchman once wrote an essay to assert a wo-
man's right to the alphabet. What a beauti-
ful use she has made of her A B C's!

And the time is nigh at hand when woman is
to exert as refining an influence on politics as
already she has exerted on literature.

OUR GRUMBLERS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

I do not mean to imply by my title that this
large class of individuals is simply a product of
our own times. On the contrary, the chronic
Grumbler has existed in all ages, and had work
to do in every political phase which human af-
fairs have exhibited.

What is more, the Grumbler will not cease to
be, before we strike the millennium—that
golden noontide hour toward which the years
swing us slowly through all their burdens of
sorrow and wrong—for hindering and fault-
finding, instead of helping and encouraging, is
the work in which the soul of the chronic
Grumbler takes chiefest delight.

That vampire-instinct, which makes the in-
born Grumbler fasten on whatever is weakest
and worst among his contemporaries and his
era, makes him also purblind to whatever is
best and noblest in either. Take, for instance,
this nineteenth century—now among the wan-
ing of its decades. We have scrambled out—
we of the present generation—breathless and
sunburnt, and toil-worn on its heights:

"Other heights for other years. God willing."

but here we are, in such glad sunlight, with
such fresh coolness of winds playing about us,
that when we turn and look down from our
Table-land on the wilderness of the centuries
which have gone before, it seems as though in
this year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and
seventy, our souls could only find room for grate-
ful praise and swelling psalm over our present
state. Say that in the teeth of your chronic
Grumblers. Why, how many a man and wo-
man, too, there lives to-day from whose lips
you and I have heard the solemn avowal,
that the world hadn't moved a rod, that the
old times were as good if not better than the
present; in short, that there has been very
little real advance made in the comfort, hap-
piness, or freedom of the human race for cen-
turies.

Now, think of any man or woman, sensible
enough in other respects, talking stuff of that
kind, in the face of history, too!

It is no excuse for these sorts of people to
say they do not know any better. No human
being has any business to be in such blank ig-
norance, with the sources on all sides for en-
lightenment. It may not be within the reach
of your possibilities to be a profound scholar,
but every grown man and woman has had in
the course of his or her natural life the
power to give a few days to the study of the
facts; enough so, at least, to set them right
on the main point.

The trouble is, they don't want to know.
They "fatten on that moss" of grumbling and
detraction.

Yet, the ingratitude, after all, is the main

feature which strikes one, listening to those who take pleasure in decrying the present.

When one calls to mind what an awful price has been paid by the long array of noble men who for ourselves breasted the flood-tide of bigotry, selfishness, power and cruelty, this calumny of the present takes on an added shade of baseness.

Just pause and think now, what they were doing three hundred years ago, this very summer, in the foremost nations of the earth. There was not a corner of the world, saving, perhaps, some ill-defined portions of Germany, where a man could literally say "his soul was his own."

That belonged to mitre or monarch, as the case might be; and if a man had the pluck to assert his inherent right to it, and to form opinions and have standards of his own in matters which most vitally concerned him, he found a short road to the dungeons of the Inquisition, to the fagots of the stake, or the more merciful knife of the executioner.

Good old times, indeed! Did you ever think, oh, grumbling, dissatisfied mortal, as you listened to the morning bells ringing all over the land through the sweetness of our summer Sabbaths, what rivers of blood, what sweat of torture through long centuries had paid the price of those blessed sounds?

Do you know that your Bible lies, with none to molest or make afraid, on your table to-day, only because noble souls went up first to God in clouds of fire?

There was Tyndale, wandering through long years, a homeless, hunted fugitive in strange lands, that he might pour the burning Hebrew or beautiful Greek into the dear old Anglo-Saxon vernacular—there was Garret, watching, trembling, on the shores, for the first English Bibles, as they floated in the vessels of the Still-water merchants up the Thames—there were Barnes and Bilney and Hooper and Cranmer, and hosts of others, all entering into Heaven by that same fiery gateway of Martyrdom.

Good old times, indeed? With its whipping-posts and stocks and gibbets, with its sitting of noses and tweaking of ears, and slashing of hands and branding of foreheads!

Good old times, indeed! Why, the Editor of this very number of the REVOLUTION, the printer that prints it, you that read this article, and I that wrote it, would, a good deal less than three hundred years ago, have all had short shrift to the scaffold.

It is a pity, oh, Grumbler of the nineteenth century, that you can't be sent back for a little while into the sixteenth, with its "divine right of kings," its statutes that gave husbands the power to beat their wives, and plenty more of legalized barbarisms in consonance with these.

But, despite its Grumblers, the world moves and carries them along with it, and they stand to-day with closed eyes and thankless hearts in the broad ripe harvest-fields which other generations have sown, and we have entered into their labors.

Mrs VINNIE REAM has modelled a figure she calls "The West." It has the Star of Empire on the forehead, a sheaf of wheat is behind it, typifying the agriculture which follows in its path; the foot of the figure is treading on a broken bow; on the left arm rests a compass, and the right hand holds a surveyor's chain; and there are grapes on the ground and a scythe.

Foreign Correspondence.

A CHECK IN PARLIAMENT, NOT A DEFEAT.

MANCHESTER, May 17, 1870.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

My last letter conveyed to you a report of the second reading of the Women's Disabilities Bill in the House of Commons, by a majority of thirty-three votes. I have now to inform you of the rejection of the measure by a majority of 126, upon the proposal to go into committee upon it.

Mr. Beeverie, member for Kilmarnock, moved the rejection of the bill, urging it with all the trite and well-worn argument of our opponents. He held up the usual bugbears—disturbances at elections, dual votes, and dual government in households, possible future women members of Parliament, barristers, attorneys, doctors, and bishops. Amidst the laughter of the House, he illustrated his argument by a quotation from an American book, written by Caroline H. Downe, entitled "Woman's Rights."

Lord Elcho seconded the motion.

Sir Robert Anstruther supported the bill on the ground that property should be represented, and because in his opinion women were quite as competent as men to pass judgment on questions of social and political interest, and on social questions he considered that women were better qualified to decide than men, because their hearts would stand them in better stead than the hard-headed reasoning of the latter. He contended that the women of England were quite as competent to decide what they were fitted for as his honorable friend, and he quoted the opinion of the American Judge in commendation of women as jurors.

After some other opponents of the bill had spoken, Mr. Gladstone rose, and as his speech decided the question, I send you an important extract. You may judge from it how narrow and how shallow is the mind of the man who now rules this kingdom. In this speech Mr. Gladstone reveals himself as he has never done hitherto. Since his rejection at Oxford he has apparently developed as a liberal statesman, but it is evident that his mind is of a limited order. He can write about Greek heroes, but he cannot act heroically. Many of his former compromises have been accepted by liberal minds as matters of necessity. But now that he defies justice, and disowns first principles, and destroys hope in one direction to halt the population of the country by fixing the stigma of disabilities and appealing to the "old landmarks" and "the order of things since the creation," he proves himself to be a traitor to liberality and progress—a Philistine for ever opposed to the chosen people by whose instrumentality humanity is being led on to the Promised Land of the Kingdom for which we daily pray.

WHAT MR. GLADSTONE SAYS.

My hon. friend says that the property held by women requires to be represented, yet if that be so that argument does not apply to the principle on which this bill is founded, because the bill excludes all married women from the benefit (or the evil, as it may be) to be derived from the franchise. But even if women are as competent as men to exercise the franchise, if it is a function equally suitable for them, why do you not recognize in married women that which you recognize in joint proprietorship, in joint ownership, in joint trade, in joint tenancy, and allow both a man and his wife to vote in respect of property which is sufficiently valuable to qualify them? (Hear.) Again, if it be true that the

property of women ought to be represented, the legitimacy of the legislature of other countries has discovered a mode of obtaining that and without its being open to the objection which attaches to this measure. In Italy widows and single women who are possessed of a property qualification, are authorized to exercise the franchise, but only through the medium of a relative whom they appoint for the purpose. These, however, are particular points in the question, and the real matter at issue is much broader, for the question really is whether there is a necessity, nay, even, whether there is a desire or a demand, for this measure. I must say I cannot recognize either the one or the other which would justify such an unsettling, not to say uprooting, of the old landmarks of society, which are far deeper than any of those political distinctions which separate gentlemen on these benches from those on the other. I am not aware of any such case, while I think that the practical matters that we have in hand are simply sufficient for our energies, and our best attention. At nearly two o'clock in the morning I will not attempt to go into the general arguments, but I have listened to the debate with interest, and I am perfectly content to give my attention not only to the proposal, but also to the declaration and the reasoning of my right hon. friend the member for Kilmarnock, and I shall therefore cheerfully follow him into the lobby. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Jacob Bright's rejoinder was brief but very able and unanswerable:

Mr. Jacob Bright said that since he had been in the House that evening he had received four telegrams from men and women in Kilmarnock informing him that petitions were being prepared and public meetings were being held in that town in favor of this bill, in addition to which he desired to remind the House, that during the present session petitions with 150,000 signatures had been presented in support of the measure. In reply to the observations of the right hon. member for Kilmarnock, he observed that last session the municipal franchise was given to women without their being admitted to town councils. By that franchise women had a right to vote every year; but under this bill they would vote only once in four or five years. Nobody had a higher sense of justice than the Prime Minister, and he would, therefore, call his attention to one argument. There were two kinds of votes—the local vote and the imperial vote; women now have the local vote universally; but it was of comparatively small importance to them, for, as no distinction was made between men and women, the men, in protecting themselves, protected women too. Parliament, however, legislated for men and women separately; it constantly imposed inequalities upon women in regard to property, social matters, and many most important questions. It legislated in one direction for men, and in another for women. Thus, while the local vote was of comparatively small importance to women, the imperial vote was of great importance to them. His opponents said that one-seventh portion of the occupiers and owners of property in the country were to be forever excluded from the political franchise. Why were they to be excluded? No rational reason had been given for their exclusion, beyond the fact that they were women. Representation always meant protection; protection was more necessary for the weak than for the strong; and he appealed to a Parliament elected by household suffrage to make household suffrage a reality.

The House divided, and the numbers were

For going into committee	84
Against	226
Majority	142

The bill was accordingly rejected, amidst much cheering.

The House adjourned shortly after two o'clock.

Notwithstanding this decision has been arrived at, for the present session, the fact that the question has gained ground both within the walls of Parliament and in public opinion generally is undoubted.

The total number who voted for the bill on the two divisions was one hundred and fifty-five, more than double the number who voted with Mr. J. S. Mill in 1867.

THE VOICE OF THE PRESS.

As evidence of the progress made in public opinion, I give you the following passage from

a leading article in the *Inquirer*, the organ of the Unitarians, a London weekly paper of a character by no means ultra liberal:

The plea that Mr. Jacob Bright's bill would logically lead to the admission of women into Parliament, does not, we must confess, arouse in our minds very great apprehensions. This question has not yet come up for discussion, and may well be considered on its own merits when it does come before us. No one can deny that there are women of vigorous and cultivated minds who have much more extensive and practical knowledge of the science of politics and the great questions of social economy than many of the honorable members who adorn the House by their majestic presence, while they contribute very little to the wisdom of debate. It is no great compliment to say that on many of the questions of education, sanitary reform, prevention of crime, and pauperism, such women as Mary Carpenter, Florence Nightingale, Frances Power Cobbe, and Harriet Martineau would contribute practical experience, sound judgment, and a grasp of details which are now often conspicuously wanting in the debates of both Houses. The time will probably come when women who have the requisite leisure and qualification will be elected to Parliament. We know not why they should be excluded if they obtain the confidence of any of our constituencies. The question is in reality one which affects the rights of electors rather than the rights of women. We know not any abstract reason of justice or expediency by which a constituency should be debarred from sending a woman to Parliament any more than it is now debarred from returning a Whalley or a Murphy.

That cautious journal the *Economist* writes in approval of Woman Suffrage, and the *Daily News*, which represents the liberal party, has a leading article on the rejection of the bill. Its tone is at once judicial and hopeful:

By a majority of 126-220 Nov. 29, 94, the House of Commons has refused to go into committee on the Women's Disabilities Bill, which is therefore lost. Mr. Bouverie led the opposition in a speech cleverly enough directed to current prejudice. His argument was what may be called the argument from the Harem, or the Harem Scarem argument. An intelligent Turk would find the perfect expression of his own mind in the language of the member for Kilmarnock. He would denounce the admission of women into society, just as Mr. Bouverie denounces their proposed admission to the Parliamentary suffrage, as "fraught with serious consequences to all our social and domestic relations, and with danger to all that renders those relations happy." It is said by the member for Kilmarnock, that the great majority of women do not desire the suffrage. That right honorable gentleman declares that it has never been his lot to fall in with one sensible woman who desired the franchise. Sensible women, perhaps, do not seek the conversation and society of Mr. Bouverie. This may be his misfortune, and not his fault. At any rate, it is clear that Miss Martineau, Miss Florence Nightingale, Mrs. Grote, and Mrs. Somerville do not possess the advantage of his improving and agreeable acquaintance. His objection, that it is the tendency of the bill to make women into men by Act of Parliament, proceeds on the assumption that women are women only by the common or statute law of England, and that to repeal either would be to annul nature. It might just as well be urged that the rose is a rose, and the oak an oak, only by virtue of the gardener's care. The fiper the course open to women as to men, the more genuinely will their true nature develop itself. Their usefulness for the rough and coarse work of politics is alleged. But politics are rough and coarse only in rough and coarse hands; and it is desirable that they should become more refined and gentle. In proportion as women have entered into the pursuits of ordinary life, they have not become less womanly, but those pursuits have become more humane. There is no reason to think that what is true in literature, in art, and in society, would be untrue in politics.

MR. J. S. MILL'S LETTER TO MADEMOISELLE DAUBIE.

The Paris papers have published the following letter, addressed by Mr. J. S. Mill, in French, to Mlle. Daubie, author of a work I have mentioned in a former letter, entitled "The Condition of Poor Women in the Nineteenth Century." This work is the result of many years of careful inquiry and research, accompanied by devoted and self-denying la-

bors on the part of the writer amongst the poor and the outcasts of society.

MADMOISELLE. You have a right to be surprised at the delay in my answer to your letter. But your book is not one of those which one is content to read in haste, and some time passed before the pressure of my occupations permitted me to devote to it the time and attention which it deserved.

You have written a work, Mademoiselle, of great value, and all the more meritorious that it must have been very painful to write it. I have rarely read a more sad book. One has never, I believe, revealed in fuller detail the miseries of life for the great majority of women, and the revolting injustices of masculine society with respect to them. I should like if this book were to be read from beginning to end by all men and women of the so-called enlightened class. I believe that it would make many of them ashamed of their culpable inaction in face of evils so frightful and injustices so monstrous.

Unfortunately, France is far from having on this question the bad pre-eminence which you attribute to it. Social reformers are always inclined to believe that other countries are better than their own. Unhappily, the difference is very often more apparent than real. In many passages you give an amount of praise to England on the subject in question which it is far from deserving; and those who in England uphold the cause of women often pretend in their turn that their condition is much better in France. Unhappily, both deceive themselves.

As to the commencement which has been made here in the regulation of prostitution, and which some are endeavoring to extend, your book would suffice to condemn it without appeal. An association of women, some of whom are very distinguished, has been formed to excite opinion against this deplorable system. They are heartily seconded by men, and there is reason to hope not only that the upholders of the system will not venture to go further, but that they will be obliged to undo what they have done.

Accept, Mademoiselle, the expression of my high and respectful consideration. J. S. MILL.

MISS CARPENTER ON FEMALE EDUCATION IN INDIA.

A crowded meeting, called by the Council of the East India Association, was held a few days ago in London, to hear an address by Miss Carpenter on her work for the promotion of female education in India. Mr. C. W. Hoskyns, M. P., in the chair, and the audience included several Hindoo ladies and gentlemen in their rich native costume. Miss Carpenter referred to her three journeys to India and the work she had begun there with the help of other English ladies. She pointed out the necessity for government aid to female as well as male schools in that country.

Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, Home Secretary of the East India Association, spoke of the good influence which Miss Carpenter had exercised in India with much commendation. Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen (who was loudly cheered) bore similar testimony to the noble work Miss Carpenter had done. He pronounced the education of women to be the great desideratum in India, and declared that government help was needed successfully to carry it out. Bombay he described as being ahead of the other Presidencies on account of the Normal School there, but he pointed out that there had been some charming works published by Bengalee ladies indicating considerable culture. The best of the Brahmo Hymns were the production of women. The education of girls was one of India's greatest wants, and he brought English ladies to aid in the sending out competent teachers.

"OUR POOR RELATIONS."

This is the title of an article in the May number of *Blackwood's Magazine*. It refers to our humble fellow-creatures whom we fondly call the "lower animals," and might take for its motto Coleridge's beautiful text:

Be ye at least what ye loveth best,
All creatures great and small,
For the Great God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

The essay is written in a genial and humorous style worthy of St. Francis's sermon to his "little brothers," the birds. The writer rebukes the cruelty of vivisectionists, and the harsh treatment of animals generally, and awakens our sympathy for all animal-kind by pointing out what a dismal place the world would be, were man its only inhabitant.

Very truly yours,

REBECCA MOORE.

Children's Corner.

WHAT JOHN THOMAS DID.

AND HOW HIS LEGS DID IT.

JOHN THOMAS was a very lively boy. He had strong, stout legs, and a loud voice, and a very large appetite. John Thomas was not so bad as he might have been, nor so good as he might have been. His mamma talked to him a great deal about telling fibs, and cramming at the table. I don't think he often did the first, now that he knew how wicked it was, but I can't speak so positively about the last.

John Thomas lived in the city when he ought to have lived in the country. He needed the whole of out-doors to play and shout in. It was not possible to let so small a boy run in the street all the time, and when he was called into a close, hot room with only a lot of broken toys to amuse himself with, he got "grumpy," as Ann the nurse-maid expressed it, and felt like smashing things.

John Thomas's mamma, who was a very careful, well-meaning mamma, believed in impressing lessons on her little boy's mind, warning him against things he had never thought of doing. One day she came into the nursery all dressed up, for she had been out calling, and she wore a brown silk dress, a velvet sash, and a very nice bonnet trimmed with lace, and a large pink rose. The little boy was playing locomotive with appropriate noises, and a good many of them.

"John Thomas," said his mamma, very impressively, as she sat down on a chair, and kept turning her silver card-case over and over in her hands, "what do you suppose Fred Anson did day before yesterday?"

"Dunno," replied John Thomas, unprompted, his mouth just as it had got ready to food at a wooding station.

"Oh! it was such a dreadful naughty thing, and his poor mamma almost cried her eyes out. I don't know what would become of me if my little boy should do such a thing."

The apple-checked John Thomas was just about to take brakes off, and let the old engine go like split, but he suspended operations, and looked up in a spirit of round-eyed inquiry.

"Did Fred drink anynick?"

"No, John Thomas, but there is no knowing what he will do next. Oh, it was such a dreadful thing, for Fred Anson to think of. If you can believe it—he ran away just before dark, bare-headed, with two ginger-naps and a bun in his trousers-pocket. They did not miss him until tea-time; and then Mrs. Anson set off one way through the street, crying and sobbing, and Mr. Anson ran off another, and somebody went to police headquarters to tell all the policemen about it, and put them on the search. Just think, John Thomas, he might have been run over by an express wagon, and smashed like a fly under a boot."

John Thomas appeared to be impressed by the idea of getting smashed like a fly. He had

performed that cruel operation on flies himself, and could imagine it didn't feel nice.

"Did he?" inquired John Thomas, with laudable interest.

"No, he didn't; but more's the wonder. Where do you suppose they found him between nine and ten in the evening?"

John Thomas shook his head.

"Going 'round with an organ grinder, and his monkey," said mamma, with awful emphasis. "Oh, John Thomas, promise me you never will run away! It would almost break my heart to lose confidence in you!"

John Thomas promised, feeling rather guilty, as if he had already done the dreadful deed, and then went to his business of engine-driving.

Two or three days afterwards, John Thomas was out in the street playing with a number of large boys, for whom he had the most profound reverence, although they snubbed him unmercifully, when Ann, the nurse-maid, appeared at the basement door, and called him to come in and have his face washed, and his hair brushed, for luncheon.

Now, if there was anything John Thomas particularly disliked, it was having his face washed severely with soap, and afterwards carried with a bhuck-a-buck towel. Left to himself, I do not think John Thomas would have performed the useful operation of washing oftener than once a fortnight. It was mortifying to the pride of his soul to have Ann call out to him in that snappish, tart voice of her's before the big fellows, just as if she had him completely under her thumb; so suddenly the resolution was formed within him to mutiny against Ann, hair brushes, soap and water, and all other disagreeable things, by following Fred Anson's noble example and running away.

In the course of a few minutes Ann came again, and, shading her eyes with her hand, looked up and down the street.

"Where, now, has that boy gone to?" said she, addressing a tall fellow in a loud tone: that boy, meaning John Thomas.

"If it's Turnips," said the lad, with a jerk of his head over his right shoulder, "I see him just now clipping it 'round the corner."

Ann was aware that John Thomas passed among the boys as "Turnips," why, no mortal could tell; so she set off in a heavy little trot to a peanut stand, where she surmised her troublesome charge might at that moment be spending the one dim penny, which she knew lay hidden in the depths of his trousers pocket. When she got there, the wooden-faced old lady who kept the stand, with its fossil candies and petrified ginger-snaps, sat calmly knitting under an umbrella, but no John Thomas was to be seen, neither had he visited his old peanut friend that day.

Ann trotted back much faster than she came, and burst in with a very red face where the boy's mother sat. Grief and dismay were in the maid's eyes.

"Oh mum! to think what has happened. Such a thing never happened in any family as I have hired with, in my born days."

John Thomas's mamma turned pale; she dropped her teacup, but tried to speak calmly. "What is it? Tell me the worst."

"Oh! mum, John Thomas has runned away. Boo hoo, boo hoo!"

The mamma rose up tearfully, and went and tied on her bonnet without once looking in the glass to see if the bows were straight, and then she went and notified the neighbors of

what had happened. They were all very sorry, and offered to join the search in a body. One suspicious old gentleman, the druggist, poked into all the ash-barrels he came across, as if he expected to find John Thomas among the cinders.

Some ran to the docks and looked over into the river, which was a very cheerful thing to do; some went down to the vile-smelling streets where kidnappers are supposed to carry on the old-clothes business, but all to no purpose. The police were got into motion pretty briskly, and it isn't an easy thing to get them stirring. They caught five boys, three girls, and eight dogs, but none of them looked like John Thomas. Our hero's mamma was growing very white, and a little wild looking—as if at any time she might take to sobbing and wringing her hands in the street—when one of the blue-coated gentlemen with a star on his breast strolled up beside Ann.

"Is the youngster fond of shows?" inquired he carelessly.

"Oh uncommon," replied Ann, "he'd set all all night at the circus, as if he was glued, if I didn't carry him off, kicking dreadful."

"Then suppose we step around to old Brindley's?"

Ann had not the least objection to going to old Brindley's, although she was quite ignorant as to whether it was a person, place, or thing. It proved to be a low building, very shabby in appearance, with a large curtain drawn across the front, representing a blue young woman, charming a plum colored sea serpent. There is the squeak of a fiddle issuing through the cracks, and the grunting and squealing of several animals.

The policeman softly pushed aside the curtain by virtue of his office, and peeped in. Then he beckoned Ann to do the same; and there, on the top bench of the show, with his Scotch cap over his eye in a very rakish manner, sat John Thomas; with his elbows resting upon his knees, and his chin clasped in his hands, gazing with all his eyes at a dancing bear. The show was a six-pence for grown folks, half price for children. How John Thomas managed to compromise with the showman for a one cent admittance, nobody has yet learned. When the boy saw how pale and tearful his mamma was, he felt heartily ashamed of what he had done, and promised never to do it again. I believe he stood by his word.

CHARADE.

ANSWER to charade in our last.

The French Revolution.

ENIGMAN.

ANSWERS to ENIGMAS.

1. Put yourself in his place.
2. Petroleum V. Nasby.

LADY AMBERLY, who is delivering lectures in England on Woman's Suffrage, recently paid a handsome and just tribute to Lucretia Mott, the noble champion for the cause of Woman's Suffrage in America. Mrs. Mott was one of the first as she was one of the ablest of the leaders of the Woman's Rights movement, but to Elizabeth Cady Stanton must be awarded the honor of being the first to demand "the elective franchise for woman." A step which even Lucretia Mott deprecated, though she afterwards gave it her hearty approval.

Household.

"PUTTING CLOTHES TO SOAK."

SURELY, when in addition to modern conveniences, and many appliances for oiling the household machinery, and making the work of housekeeping light and agreeable, we find religious persons devoting space to this particular portion of woman's duty, we may have sanguine hope of a near approach to the housekeeper's millennium. And when we see such a jump from the bigotry and Judaism which would not allow so much as the tea-kettle to boil on Sunday, for fear it might sing an ungodly song, to that sort of observance of the Lord's Day which He himself taught, as is indicated by the wife of a clergyman daring to come out in print and boldly advise her house-wifely readers to put the clothes to soak on Sunday night, we feel a heartfelt thankfulness for the growth of a true idea of the Sabbath, its uses, duties and observances. Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, in advice to a young housekeeper, in the last number of the *Christian Union*, says, in regard to putting clothes to soak over night for Monday's wash:

We think it—like getting breakfast, washing dishes, making beds on Sunday—one of the necessary items of household labor. True, some prefer to do this Saturday evening; but then only a part of the clothes will be collected, and too long-soaking yellows them. Some people also soak them a half hour or so on Monday morning, but in our judgment very little is gained by it. We would, however, by no means advocate the mode we have advised if *two or three hours* of the Sabbath, or of any day in the week, must be given to it. Twenty minutes, or if a large wash, a half an hour, is ample time. The young housekeeper imagines that we must be giving *theological* advice, and not such as can be successfully carried into practical life. But in this, as in all that we have offered, we speak only of "what we know, and testify of that which we have seen" and done. Two years at the West, at a time when all our modern improvements were unknown, and so situated that the work for the husband and little ones, with several boarders, was done with one pair of hands; where the water was all to be drawn, not pumped, with now and then a shank to fill up the measure of the week's work (and fever and ague at the West in those days was a genuine article), compelled us to economize time, if not labor. We never found two or three hours to spend in putting clothes to soak; but when the day's work was finished Saturday evening, and the babies asleep, the water drawn, tubs filled and covered to keep the water free from dust, all the dirty clothes that had accumulated through the week, except the bedding and garments to be changed Sabbath morning, were sorted and laid in piles on the table in the wash-chest, covered over with the clothes-basket, ready to be soaked and put into the water the next day. Such lessons, taught by the best schoolmaster in the world—necessity—are often of far more value than any we can adopt in later life and under more easy circumstances. Of course, no man whose labor ends with the close of the day, who deserves the honored name of husband (*Arms-band*), would need to be asked to put his strong arm to the work, so far as to draw the water and fill the tub in the twilight of Saturday evening after tea, while the wife, whose day's work is not ended till bed-time, is putting the little folks to bed or getting things in readiness for the morrow's breakfast. But often the nature of the husband's employment of necessity deprives him of the pleasure of assisting his wife. Then, there is no other way, if she is without servants, but for her to prove "woman's equality with man" by doing it herself. After all, there are many harder things than drawing the good cool water from the well.

A very dear friend of ours had many years of her life blighted by the breaking of her engagement of marriage with a noble young man, on account of this very question of keeping Sunday. Her parents, strict Sabbatharians, who kept the day rigorously after the set form prescribed by Covenanters, went to make a visit at the house of the youth to whom she was

engaged. Sunday night, the mistress of the house excused herself for a little while from attention upon her guests, saying she must superintend putting the clothes to soak for the morning's wash. Horrors! The son's prospective father-in-law was shocked at such profanation of the sacred day. That his host was a ruling elder in the church only made matters worse, for he should rule his household with piety, and not allow desecration of the Sabbath. The visit came to an abrupt conclusion, and our dear little friend was made to break the loving, tender vows which she had made, because, in her father's estimation, her lover's mother had broken the Sabbath. We wonder if, in that day, twenty years ago, even Mrs. Beecher would have thought it expedient to give to the world her views and practice regarding this item of house and Sabbath-keeping. At any rate, we are glad to see the proper Christian idea of Sunday taking the place of the bigoted notions of Puritans and Covenanters.

RECEIPTS.

To Prepare Washing Fluid.—Boil one pound of sal soda and half a pound of unslacked lime in one gallon of water twenty minutes. When cool, drain it off and put in a jug. After soaking the clothes over night, wring them out and rub on plenty of soap; cover them with water in the wash-boiler, add a cupful of fluid, let them first scald, then rub each piece carefully, put over again in clear water and let them come to boiling heat. Then rinse carefully and hang them out. This is an excellent recipe.

Soft Soap.—Put ten pounds of potash in a half barrel, next day add twelve pounds grease, stir it well and then add one gallon of boiling water. Add the same quantity boiling hot every day until the barrel is full, stirring it all the time. If you wish to make less, use three pounds of grease and two and a half pounds of potash.

Common Soap.—Save your kitchen grease, melt and strain it, put it in a large iron pot and slowly add the lye from good wood ashes (oak or hickory is the best), or lye of 1 of a pound of potash to each pound of grease, cook it until it ropes, stirring often with a wooden paddle. If you wish it thick, add a handful of salt just as you take it from the fire and stir it well in.

Egg Puffs, or Oak Balls.—Five eggs beaten very light, one pint of milk, five table spoonfuls of flour and a salt spoonful of salt, beat all well together. Have ready twelve cups in a bake pan, the cups well oiled with fresh butter the size of a hazel-nut in each cup, divide the batter equally among the cups, put in a quick oven and bake till done light brown. For breakfast serve plain, for dessert they are very nice with a dressing of butter and sugar well beaten together and flavored with nutmeg.

Timothy Parson.—Cover the bottom of a deep glass dish with slices of sponge cake or ladies' fingers; pour on them as much sherry wine as they will take up. Have ready a boiled custard, made of the yolks of four eggs stirred with a quart of boiling milk, in which a teaspoonful of arrowroot has been boiled. Flavor the custard according to taste, and when it begins to cool pour it over the cakes. Have ready a pan of boiling water, beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add a little lemon juice, drop the froth by spoonfuls into the boiling water, take up on a perforated skimmer and place on top of the custard. Sift powdered sugar over the

whole, and ornament with rose petals, or panicles.

Cold Water.—There is no better disinfectant than cold water. In the room where there is a fever patient or any person suffering from contagious diseases, keep broad basins of water, changing them every four hours. Water takes up the foul gases that are emitted and thus purifies the air. For this reason, water that has been long standing in a room should not be used for drink, it is poison. If you need drinking water in the night, keep it on the sill outside your window covered with a bit of lace to keep the insects out.

Fashions.

WHAT TO WEAR, AND HOW TO WEAR IT.

ONE of the mistakes of reformers is the determination they generally feel to get rid of everything that belongs to the past to believe in nothing that lives in the present, and to place all their hopes in the future.

Not content with ignoring for themselves, they question every one's right to look at subjects from any other standpoint than their own; and are as arbitrary and dogmatic in their radicalism as those they abuse in their conservatism and devotion to established customs.

Of course, the follies of dress and fashion have afforded matter for attack and animadversion in all ages. Between those who despise fashion, and those who cannot afford to indulge in it, and therefore affect to despise it, there are always a large class who find in it a fertile subject upon which to exercise small wits; and who being ignorant of the question, and having no scruples, echo the slang of the day, and trample the best ideas in the mire of a polluted imagination.

Dress is not all-important, but it is important; and so long as clothing is worn at all, it must in some sort become the evidence of the quality of the wearer, and is deserving, therefore, of thought and consideration.

Moreover, the number of things upon which those persons who have plenty of money to spend, can expend it, is limited, and why should not fine and beautiful clothing be among the number? It is easy, of course, to question the taste of numberless articles which grow out of the suggestions and resources of fashion; but it must be remembered, that the instant an idea becomes a fact, whether it is a button, or a sewing-machine, labor and capital become interested in perpetuating it, and in creating infinite variations of it; and so the wheel turns round, money is distributed, labor employed, the variety that pleases produced, and the croakers supplied with fresh grain for their everlasting mill.

The truth is, that within the past twenty years, a large number of most important and salutary changes have been effected in dress, and it rests with American women themselves not only to perpetuate these improvements, but to establish a basis upon which the principal constituent parts of their dress can hereafter be regulated.

Fifteen or twenty years ago, the eight and ten breadths of a dress skirt were puffed out, and distended by from six to ten stiff white underskirts; the waist was drawn in to wasp-like proportions, the skirts were just long enough to escape grace, yet catch all the dirt of the

streets, and the feet were encased in the thinnest stockings and smallest "paper"-soled shoes it was possible to get; such a thing as a lady's "walking-boot" not being then known.

The first innovation was the introduction of the "Balmora" boot. This was a success. Its style has been improved upon, until it has culminated in the handsome French kid walking-boot of to-day, but we have never gone back to "paper" soles.

Previous to that, however, the hooped skirt had been revived, and the first specimens simply contemplated the getting rid of the mass of cotton cloth which was borne about, with infinite trouble. The first skirts were four and a half and five yards round, and would present now a most astonishing appearance. If any lady had the courage to wear one. This enormous width was found to be much more objectionable in a stiff hoop than in the more flexible folds of cotton skirts; yet the principle was recognized as correct after all, and a general demand made for hoops of lighter weight and smaller proportions.

For several years a gradual reduction in the size took place, and, during this time, the colored walking-skirt established itself as a regular institution; thus providing at once a very neat and sensible accessory to regular street costume, and saving an immense amount of the time and labor which had been expended upon white skirts.

Five years ago a change was quietly and silently effected, by the introduction of the short dress, which has had, and is destined to have, an influence for good upon the physical and intellectual nature of all women. So strange and capricious did this new movement appear, that women generally approached it in the most cautious manner. They seized the opportunity to remodel a few of their old dresses, but feared to have a new one cut in so restricted a manner, for fear the long skirts would return, and sweep the poor little short ones right out of existence.

But the short dresses have held their own, and, spite of caprice, and flagrant violations of good taste in loading them with upper-skirts, paniers, and ornaments, which only helped to disfigure them, have obtained such a hold upon the affections of intelligent women everywhere, as will render it extremely difficult to displace them.

The short walking-dress may emphatically be called the "dress of the period," and we are proud of the title. It is clean, sensible, convenient, and becoming; and when it is rid, as it will be shortly, of the absurd bump, styled "panier," and one skirt is trimmed moderately, instead of two immoderately, it will be still more worthy of the universal suffrages of American women.

And the practical idea in fashion is the adoption of waterproof cloth, for wraps, and suits, and of linen for summer wear. Both materials are cheap, both durable, and both so well-looking, and "well worn," as to be adapted to all sorts of persons, and all sorts of positions. This is a great deal to get out of fashion. Fashion is naturally adapted to the wealthy, who find in its varying modes and changes, interest and occupation; and when the worker finds her wants and needs thought, and supplied in a useful, becoming and available form, there is cause for thankfulness, instead of unmitigated condemnation of what she does not understand, and that which was not intended for her circumstances or condition.

Because I cannot wear rich lace and costly

jewels, is no reason why I should not rejoice in the power of other women to do so, and I do so rejoice. My plain dress is adapted to my work, and I am glad to be able to walk the streets in rain or sunshine, without dragging it through mud, or dust; but I am glad also to catch occasional glimpses of another world, a world of music and flowers, of silk, and lace, and jewels, of fair women, not necessarily vain, or ignorant, or foolish, of gentlemanly men, who respect, as well as admire, them. Why not?

VENT VIEL.

SUMMER DRESSES.

I will describe a few toilets for the warm season so close at hand.

There can be nothing more appropriate than a black grenadine dress made so as to just touch the ground, the skirt made quite full, with from three to five folds near the hem; underneath the skirt should be a petticoat of black silk—an inferior quality will answer just as well as the more expensive. It will be necessary to line the waist with black silk to match the petticoat; quillings of satin ribbon look well on both skirt and waist. The sleeves should be made rather full, with a quilling of ribbon around the wrist; a fine Valenciennes lace edge to stand up around the neck, and shown just a little at the hands, is much prettier than a collar for warm weather. Those desiring a full suit can take a square of the grenadine and fold a hem about five inches wide, and then have it stitched with two or three tucks, according to taste. Over-skirts are not as desirable for old or middle-aged ladies as the plain skirt trimmed near the bottom. Black lace, and Neapolitan bonnets, are much prettier with such a dress than anything colored. But there can be nothing more genteel than either lilac, green or purple, on a black lace bonnet. Let the bonnet come down pretty well at the back, then a fall of lace about four inches. The lace should extend down the sides, and be caught with a little bow of ribbon of the color most preferred. Tie strings, an inch or two wide, and just at the side a full bunch of light-green or purple violets. Bonnets of this description need but very little trimming on the outside.

RUFFLES, COLLA R

Immense white ruffles of both muslin and lace have been the "rage" all the spring, but it is to be hoped they have had their day. They should never have been worn with walking dresses or suits. They are totally unfit for the street, because they expose the throat and chest too much. No lady of refinement will care to wear an article of dress in the street which attracts so much attention. They are very becoming to many ladies, but they should only be worn with long house dresses. Pretty and becoming things are a great temptation, and many ladies violate good taste for the sake of appearing on the street with the latest fashion. There has been nothing, and I doubt if there will ever be anything, more suitable and becoming for street wear than the plain linen collar and cuffs. These are inexpensive and can be done up easily, and certainly look much better on any woman, either young or old, than a lot of crushed, half-soiled lace. A linen collar fastened with a modest knot of colored ribbon, or a brooch, looks infinitely better than lace—however fine they may be—for the street dresses worn at this season.

RIDING HABITS.

Dark blue and invisible green cloth make the

handsomest riding habits, but many prefer a fine black ladies' cloth to the colored ones. The skirts are not made so long as heretofore, and it is better so, for such long skirts rather invite accident and should be avoided. A few of the handsomest ones have been trimmed on the extreme edge of the skirt, but these are not so elegant as the plain, full skirts without any trimming, except what is put on the little basques. Most of these are made postillion shape, and open in front with revers. An independent lady or two has appeared with the large white ruffles so fashionable at the present time, but these are not at all suitable for a riding habit. A plain linen collar and cuffs look much better than lace for such dresses. The sleeves are made close, coat shape, with a deep cuff to reach the elbow on the outside. A lady having good taste will not wear stiff, high crowned beavers, or silk,

RIDING HATS.

which have been the accepted style for the past few years. There is a very pretty shape, and one which is generally becoming—black silk, half high crown, and trimmed with a long scarf of tissue or black lace; also the long, black ostrich feathers, and little mask veils. These are very becoming to long, thin faces, but the flowing gauze is most becoming to rosy cheeks and full figures. Short gauntlets, or undressed kid gloves, are the most fashionable; the long gloves completely hide the pretty undersleeves and cuffs.

EVENING DRESSES.

are being made principally of white organdie, Swiss, tulle, or the very lightest of Summer silks; long white organdie over dresses will be worn over colored silk skirts, and very pretty they look too. China crape over dresses are being made for long white skirts of puffed tarleton, Swiss, etc. Pure white over skirts over long black silk dresses are very stylish, and will be an accepted fashion for evening dresses. The corsage is cut low, and whatever material is used for the over dress is also used for a high-neck waist. The sleeves are very loose and flowing, falling away from the arm almost to the shoulder. Passementerie trimmings and fringes are again very fashionable. The crimped fringes trim handsomer than any other, and in light colors, nothing can exceed this trimming in softness and grace; some of these fringes are made a quarter of a yard in depth, and of course are very expensive. A beautiful dress, demi-train, is made of sky blue silk; overskirt long, and of China crape the same shade; if it is trimmed with the deep crimped fringe, the effect is very graceful.

BARNES.

No short-dress is complete without a sash and even the long dresses seem unfinished unless the large bow is somewhere at the back. Heavy gros-grain ribbon, solid colors are preferred to the stripes and large plaids which have been so fashionable for a year or two. Sashes of the same material as the dresses, are not much used this season as they are not so dressy as the plain colored ribbon. Many of these ribbons are made to look beautiful by adding a trimming of lace, either black or white, according to the color of the dress with which it is to be worn. Rose pink, azure, pale green, and scarlet, all these look lovely trimmed with Bruges lace. A number of these sashes are cut very long and are passed over one shoulder, and twice around the waist, then tied in a loose bow with long ends at the opposite side of the

waist. But of all the colors, textures, and qualities there is none to compare with the organdie-crape, for beauty of color and richness; when tied it keeps in place perfectly, which is more than can be said for many of the other materials.

PARLOR POLITICS.

LAST Wednesday evening was held the last, for the season, of the monthly receptions of the Brooklyn Woman's Club. This last one was held in the parlors of Mrs. Tilton. Now we know of no better way for women to plead her cause than on her own familiar ground. In France the parlor, the salon, has always been a mighty engine, the engine most used by women, and we feel sure that with the advent of American women into American politics it must become a great power in this country. It is quite characteristic of Brooklyn that it should lead in this direction.

But we wanted to confine our mention to the last reception in particular. It would not do to discuss the noted people present, or even to try to mention them all.

There was first of all the dark curls and strangely fascinating face of our hostess, whose petite figure and brunette complexion afford a striking contrast to the lowering figure and light ringlets of Theodore Tilton, who, here as elsewhere, finds few men of equal stature. Miss Field is here, and Miss—but all eyes are turned away from the ladies now, for there is Mr. Beecher, full of heat and life, growing a little old in these days, looking a little over-worked, but vivacious as ever. Everybody has been looking at Page's portrait of him, which Mr. Tilton has just had brought home to-day. And everybody must needs draw him out, when they can compare the living man with the canvass—of the great painter. The verdict is not unanimous. Some pronounce it a wondrous likeness, and others say "except the mouth." But who can paint the mouth of Beecher, the most mobile part of the most mobile face in the world. Surely painter never had such a task set him before. But neither Beecher's, Wendell Phillips, nor those other great portraits of the greatest of our painters that adorn these walls, can long divide the attention of the company, for there is the greatest head ever put on canvass, Page's Head of Christ. And throughout the evening the densest crowd was always in front of the head of Christ, studying the face so full of love, so full of lion-like strength.

Miss Youmans read a close and abstruse argument against giving the same education to girls as to boys. It did not quite satisfy the company, it was not quite conclusive as an argument, it did not express fully the sentiment of the Club. But there was a universal willingness among the radicals to have the conservative side of the question presented.

PANHANDLE.

WHAT NEXT?—The Episcopal Church goes for Woman's Rights—at least the Western branch of the church does. In Kansas two ladies have been elected to a diocesan office for the first time in this country.

In plain English, these ladies have been placed with six gentlemen on a Board of Examination of the Diocesan Seminary. To the un-ecumenical mind there is nothing startling in the placing of ladies on a committee for a school examination, but it seems to be a great step in church progress, and we chronicle it accordingly.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS HULLARD, Editor.
EDWIN A. STUDWELL, Publisher.

NEW YORK, JUNE 9, 1870.

A PRISONER OF HOPE.

Woman is a prisoner of hope. She is bound, but her fetters will be loosed. She is shut fast within a close castle, but heroic hands are already at the gate breaking open the lock. She is to go free.

What are the tokens of this promise? Society furnishes them on every side. Take some illustrations.

A few years ago (not a dozen), the sight of a lady driving a horse in Brooklyn would have made all pedestrians, of both sexes, stop on Fulton street and stare at the horrid spectacle. But now, on every fine day, Prospect Park is a parade ground of mothers, who drive out with their children—unaccompanied by any "natural protector," or "white male-citizen." This changed fashion is a prophetic sign of coming times. It shows that woman is to take the reins of other chariots in her hands.

Then, again, in that same city, a few years ago, if a woman happened to be a teacher in the public schools, she had to submit to the humiliation of accepting about one-half as much salary as was paid to a man. Perhaps our readers remember (if their memories are seven days' long) that we presented last week Education in Brooklyn has lately changed all this, and has ceased to insult its school-teachers because they are women.

Once upon a time, if the Federal government, whoever might have been its president or its postmaster-general, had committed so outrageous a breach of propriety as to make a woman a post-mistress, the fine nerve of the whole nation's cultivated but prejudiced taste would have tingled with a tremulous indignation at the outrage. But since then, many a good woman—the widow of some hero of the war—has been asked by a kind-hearted President to accept from the government the gift of a post-office—and this, too, while the Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby has been sent a-begging.

A few years ago, if a visitor, on entering a great newspaper office in New York, had seen an army of girls engaged in setting type, he would have been startled as with a clap of thunder. But let any one go (as we once had occasion to do) into the spacious "upper chamber," in which the *Independent* gets its spacious self put into type, and he will see that Dr. Faustus, when he invented his great process, unconsciously devised a new employment for women.

If a traveller, for curiosity's sake, had in former times gone to the wilderness which is now the Territory of Wyoming, and there, holding converse with the barbarous denizens of the forest, had been told by them, in some speech of their prophets, that they were about to retire before an advancing civilization which was coming suddenly upon them in the form of a levy of Yankee women to sit on a jury,—he would have struck his hand to his forehead, and said to himself, "Am I in my right senses, or am I crazed?"

A generation ago, when Macaulay—who never

had sufficient respect for a woman to marry her—said of a woman's book, that it was very good, considering that it was written by a woman, he only spoke the general light opinion in which his early cotemporaries held woman's intellectual gifts. Since that time, women—just such women as Macaulay sneered at—have been filling all England with books which are as eagerly read as his own. The author of the *History of England*, if he were now alive, would be the last man in the republic of letters, to despise the literary excellence of the author of *Adam Bede*.

If Lord Palmerston—tough and rough, doughty and gouty—had imagined that so soon after his death the British House of Commons would give 61 votes in favor of the Elective franchise for woman, the conservative old politician would have lived a few years longer on purpose to prevent it.

We need not multiply instances to show the progress that woman is making in the world. Indeed, this progress is too evident on every hand to need any argument to prove that it is going forward. Any one "wise to discern the signs of the times" must see that what is called the woman-question;—that is, the question of her education, her employments, her earnings, her duties, her rights, her sphere, her mission, her destiny;—all this, taken together (for all this belongs together as one question), forms the staple of what is to be the greatest moral reform which has at any time agitated the minds of the present generation of the world.

So we say that woman, though in a thousand aspects of her case she is still hedged within the stone walls of her ancient house of bondage—though still denied the free range of her proper opportunities—though still an unwilling (and often too willing) vassal to what Milton calls "the tyrant Custom"—though still held in many kinds of "durance vile"—is, nevertheless, a prisoner of hope. The iron gate is to swing open, and she is to step forth into the sunshine.

Civilization waits for her. All nations are getting ready to receive her. Laws are undergoing changes with a view to give her a welcome into the body politic. The city's rude streets are to be made safe against the day of her coming. Industry is at work, opening new employments at which she may earn her livelihood. And Justice stands in the door-way, ready to go forth by her side, like a knight-templar, to redress all her wrongs.

So she is a prisoner of hope. It is not Dante's gate that has been shut upon her. Did we say that busy hands were at work wrenching the lock? The key of her deliverance is in her own hand. She may accomplish her own rescue. Like Paul, she is imprisoned, but uncondemned. She is purer than her jailors, and has equal right to her liberty. Now is her golden opportunity. No lion is in the gates. Let her go forth to her freedom—with God's blessing, like a crown, on her head.

MR. GARRISON AS A PHARISEE.

It is, no doubt, a great disadvantage to have a poor memory, but it may be questioned whether it is not a greater one to possess friends whose memory is too good? When we happen to meet an old acquaintance, who distinctly remembers and repeats to us our ideas and sayings of forty years ago, it must be confessed the results are not altogether pleasant.

So Mr. Garrison must have thought, when a

the recent Anniversary of the New England Women's Suffrage Association in Boston, Mrs. S. B. Foster reminded him that in his paper, the *Genius of Liberty*, published in Baltimore forty years since, he wrote a protest against certain women who were going about getting signatures to a petition to Congress. He had stated that the proceeding was indecorous. "Perhaps you won't believe it," persisted the accusing angel, "but I can show you the paper, and it is signed, W. L. G."

There was no escape from such a memory, backed by such documentary evidence.

Mr. Garrison replied that he could not pretend to deny the charge, as he did not remember all he thought or printed forty years ago. He owned that he was surprised at the statement, but mildly and humbly confessed that when he wrote such heresy, he "was blind—now I see." Therefore," he continued, "I am in favor of forgetting those things which are behind—a very convenient habit, by the way—and pressing forward to the good which is before us. At the time referred to I was a Pharisee of the Pharisees, and my ideas have undergone considerable change in many respects."

It is to be hoped, for Mr. Garrison's sake, that this last assertion will enable him to exorcise any other unquiet ghosts of dead heresies which the demon of the press may have in reserve, ready to confront him at Anniversary meetings. Not that he need to be ashamed of his changes of opinion. The world has moved a good distance in these last forty years; and the man who has not kept pace with it is as much out of place as was poor Rip Van Winkle after his long nap.

But for all that, it is not so pleasant to be brought face to face with one's follies of some ten years ago, whether we belong to the Publicans or the Pharisees, and we are sure Mr. Garrison will agree with us that a memory which runneth back forty years is altogether "tolerable, and not to be endured."

LITERARY WOMEN.

MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, writing of a certain authoress, says:

She is ugly, of course; all literary ladies are so. I never met one in my life except Miss Jane Porter and she is rather passed that, might not have served for a scarecrow to keep the birds from the cherries. It's a prodigiously strange and disagreeable peculiarity.

Miss Mitford came into the world too early to learn all the possibilities of progress. In her time it was the commonly-received opinion that feminine brains and feminine ugliness were correlative terms. But even in those days, prejudice against blue-stockings must have added zest to the opinion; for Mrs. Opie was noticeably tall and stately, with a countenance handsome and beaming even in old age; and Miss Berry, the idol of encounter generations, in the London fashionable world, was never so captivating in printers' ink, as in her adornments of lace, feathers, and satin shoes, when, on returning late from the ball, she knelt on a stool to read *Plays* on the *Panama*, and was found there by the maid, as she entered to open the shutters, and admit the morning light. Women do not now enter the literary lists because age and ugliness have brought the despair of marriage, and all other purely feminine triumphs. The number of young women who wield the pen as authors, journalists, and reporters, is constantly on the increase; and a literary party, now-a-days, offers no contrast to other reunions in good society, except in the in-

creased beauty of its women. The dowdies and frights of Miss Mitford's time, if they ever existed to any extent, have disappeared. Bright eyes and rosy cheeks are frequently seen at the reporter's desk; and look like lilacs in a bouquet of nettles among the black-coated gentry, who appear to go before the public with the aim of finding out "how not to do it," in the way of truth-speaking. The poetess has been rescued from the ranks of Miss Lydia Languish, where she wore her skimpy locks streaming down her back, and spoke in hexameters and dithyrambs. Who can look at Alice Cary's sweet, soulful face without meeting a refutation of the silly belief that the female devotees of a pure and noble literature are necessarily hideous?

DEATH AND HIS SHINING MARKS.

We find the following statement in our religious contemporary, the *Universalist*, published in Boston:

Mr. Tilton reports progress in respect to his mission to unite the various organizations of the friends of Woman's Rights. Already, he says, the Union Woman Suffrage Society has absorbed the National Woman's Suffrage Association, and the American Equal Rights Association. Besides, very friendly salutations passed between the first of these and the American Woman Suffrage Association, of which Mr. Beecher is President, during the session of both in New York. Mr. Tilton hopes the latter will also be merged into the former by another year. Possibly this desire may be fulfilled. But we suspect not. It can scarcely come to pass while *THE REVOLUTION* and the *Woman's Journal* are both alive.

We quote the above paragraph for the sake of calling attention to the concluding sentence. Why is it necessary (we would like to know) that either *THE REVOLUTION* or the *Woman's Journal* should die before all the friends of Woman's Enfranchisement can be marshalled into one organization? Is either of these harmless papers an obstacle in the way of such a union? If so, it certainly is not *THE REVOLUTION*—and certainly, also, is not the *Woman's Journal*.

Our own paper has just been reorganized, put on a solid pecuniary foundation, cheapened thirty-three per cent in price, doubled already in circulation, and does not mean to die. On the contrary, it never was so thoroughly alive as at this moment. Its future has taken a sudden flush of rose-color. There is money in the bank wherewith to publish our newspaper, even if we should fail to retain a solitary paying subscriber. But our subscription-list is taking a fresh and quick start. Friends from all quarters of the country are writing to us, conveying their congratulations, expressing their kindly sympathy with our undertaking, and wishing us the most abundant success.

In the midst of all this pleasant re-beginning, it is very discouraging to hear a strange critic, an outsider, a writer whom we do not know, but of whom we stand in proper awe, gravely informing us that we must die. That is, we must, because if either one or the other of these papers is to be required to give up the ghost, to submit to martyrdom, to commit suicide, or to leave its country for its country's good, of course a true politeness would constrain us to use the hari-kari upon ourselves, and heroically leave our sister to live. Yes, we insist upon it, that if either of us must be burnt at the stake, or led to the scaffold, or drowned in a bag, it shall be *THE REVOLUTION*, and not its compeer—it shall be "Lancelot, and not another."

But we disagree with the grim suggestion of this Boston critic. The *Universalist* is as great

a heretic in this opinion as some folks esteem it to be on certain other points! We do not wish *THE REVOLUTION* to die—no, nor the *Woman's Journal*, either. We want both papers to live. Every week we are happy to receive at our sanctum the gentle and kindly visit of our Boston co-worker. No weekly comes among all our exchanges is more welcome. If it should die, we should feel that one of the chief laborers had fallen in the vineyard—that a Joan of Arc had been struck down in the battle. We beseech it to live.

Yes, both journals mean to live and prosper. Both are equally needed. Indeed, one or two more just such publications, in different parts of the country, if they could sustain themselves, would be additional helpers to the common cause.

Are we to be told that two journals are a hindrance to the hope of one society? This is not a just view. Every great party has many journals—and the greater the party the more the journals. Does the multiplication of Republican presses destroy the harmony of the Republican party? On the contrary, this multiplication helps to nationalize that party.

Besides, what is to become of several other organs devoted to Woman's Enfranchisement—contemporaries and co-laborers of *THE REVOLUTION* and the *Woman's Journal*? Must they die too? Ought they, in the view of the *Universalist*, be forthwith exposed to scarlatina, or measles, or fatal rash, in order that they may be summarily carried off?

We object to any such predestinated funeral as the *Universalist* so dismally decrees. We want to live long enough to see a union of all the friends of Woman's Suffrage throughout the land into one harmonious and victorious organization, and we trust that *THE REVOLUTION*, the *Woman's Journal*, and all the other papers—yes, and the *Universalist* too—will all be alive, and well, and present at the wedding.

GOOD ADVICE.

LYDIA BROKER, says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, is the Anna Dickinson of Great Britain. Lydia is just now busy in the unnamable work of writing letters to the newspapers and abusing Parliament for rejecting the Female Suffrage bill.

The *Eagle* proceeds to inform the fair Lydia that she and Anna "go not the right way to work," and suggests to them, from "motives of policy," to try the seductive arts of mild oratory—prophesying that soft words and "winsome methods" will carry the day. Nothing, surely, proves the change in public opinion more clearly than these kind suggestions from the press which come to the leaders of the Woman's Rights party from all quarters. There is an ardent interest in our success which we have not dreamed of, but which these hints and suggestions are beginning to discover to us.

And we should do well to weigh the subject a little and see if there be not some grains of truth in the counsel, though to be sure it must be taken into consideration that the most of this good advice comes to us from the Democratic press, whose policy has not been so successful in carrying its points as to lead us to accept its dictum without a little hesitation. If we remember rightly, there was a good deal of the "vituperative" style of eloquence in the last Presidential campaign, and it seems to us that the victorious Republican party bore off the palm in that direction. Anna Dickinson

scolded—Wendell Phillips did the same—and time and patience would fail to rehearse the long catalogue of public speakers, who, in imitation of this illustrious pair, sung hard words at the party leaders of the opposition and the policy they represented.

Vituperation is, moreover, not a new thing in oratory. Who scolded better than Cicero, in those harangues which we are taught to study as master-pieces of eloquence?

To be sure, the Romans got tired of his sharp tongue, and, as they could not stop it, exiled him, to get out of the hearing of his scathing periods. Perhaps it will be as well, therefore, to balance the success of the Republican party, the railers of modern times, against the failure of Cicero, the ancient scold.

It may be, too, that the abusive period has passed, and that the time for milder methods has at last arrived.

By all means, let us try it! Even in case of failure, there will always remain to us as the last resort, our inalienable right to scold—a right which has never been denied to women since the world began, even in the darkest periods of history—and, if worst comes to worst, we can use it.

WANTED—A POLICY.

WHAT shall we do next? cries out the Republican party through one of its organs, the New York *Times*. The war is ended, the negro emancipated, reconstruction is taking care of itself, or at least is receiving very little attention from us, the Fifteenth Amendment is an accomplished fact, and we find ourselves in a critical position:

Filled with impulse of progress, the party is without any settled or affirmative issue upon which to construct a new ground of action for the future. The elements of which the party was composed still retain their old characteristics, and cannot remain in perfect combination, in a state of rest. A very large section of the party requires a broader field of action, and is unwilling to deliver any longer among the political debris of the past four years. Having wrought out the principle of emancipation, and fortified it beyond all possibility of harm in the future, it desires to move forward and grapple with the political necessities which are rapidly being developed. The world does not stand still, although the Republican party may. We must deal with the live questions of the hour.

It is something gained to have made the discovery that the occupation of a party is gone. It is doubtful whether the Democratic party has yet waked up to that fact in its own history; therefore we are inclined to agree with the *Times* that the Republican is the progressive section of our body politic.

As its leaders are so anxious for work, will they allow us to suggest that one of the most vital questions of the hour is the Woman question. Will they also permit us to remind them that one of their own body who has made himself famous as the author of the Fifteenth has already proposed the Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution, granting the elective franchise to the women of the land. Several, too, of the most prominent Republican leaders are advocates of Woman's Suffrage, and the general sentiment of the country is that it is the next question which will come up for settlement. Whether, too, men or women are in favor of or against this extension of the franchise, it is a pretty generally received opinion that it must come, that it is only a question of time when women shall have the ballot put into their hands.

We hear from leading Democrats, and in fact

from all who are gifted with sufficient shrewdness to be able to read the signs of the times; that they believe our country will before long honor itself and its women by giving them a part in the management of affairs.

The party which is advanced enough in thought to seize upon this issue first, will be the party to win.

There is a kind of expediency which is called justice, says John Stuart Mill, in his speech before the British Parliament on this subject; and it seems to us that both on the low grounds of expediency and the higher ones of justice, this question of the hour demands the attention of the party which is casting about to find "what to do next?"

DRESS-MAKERS AND LAW-MAKERS

Mrs. FLINT is a Boston dressmaker—Mrs. Flint is also a Boston reformer. Her hobby is the labor question. She hires sewing girls at good wages, and yet does not allow them to work more than eight hours a day. To be sure, she says it pays better to have willing hands at work eight hours, than word-out and weary girls even if they toil far into the evening. "I get more out of them," she says, "in this way."

If this frank statement from Mrs. Flint inclines any one to doubt her philanthropy, it will be most unjust. It is only another way of putting two old and honorable sayings which we all respect in their ancient formula, viz., Honesty is the best policy, and Virtue is its own reward. Mrs. Flint, therefore, deserved the praise she received from Wendell Phillips at the meeting of the labor reformers in Boston. But hardly had the echo of these encomiums died out, when still other theories and practices of the philosophic dressmaker were brought to the public notice. She presented a little bill to Mrs. Coolidge, for the making and trimming of nine or ten dresses, amounting to the respectable sum of \$1,900. Mr. Coolidge did not think it a reasonable charge. Mrs. Flint did, and the law was invoked to decide upon this difference of opinion.

Now, it is evident to any one of unprejudiced mind, that there is more than a matter of paltry dollars and cents to be settled in this case. There is a question of principle involved in it.

Mrs. Flint evidently believes in another good old theory, as ancient as the days of Robin Hood, and perhaps even more venerable than his times—that it is perfectly fair to steal from the rich to give to the poor.

The only trouble is, that Mrs. Flint is an anachronism. Other times, other manners; and the philosophic dressmaker must take the consequences of having been born at too late a period of the world's history.

But Mrs. Flint is not alone in her opinions. She has the authority and example of Congress to fall back upon. The theory of the merry men of Sherwood Forest is the principal argument used by the leading representatives who urge the continuance of the Income Tax.

But alas, history does not always repeat itself. The heroes of the past are not invariably the idols of the present.

Our representative Robin Hoods ought to find themselves, like Mrs. Flint, out of date.

GRANDFATHER SMALL, WIT.—Punchinello lacks punch, or some other liquor, to give it spirit. Satires against humanity—wit on the wrong side—innuendoes against justice and human

rights—fibes at what is most sacred in the aspirations of the present age—this is not the stuff of which a lively comic paper is made. A little warmer heart toward all man-and-women-kind would re-kindle its waning wit to a brighter spark.

"WORK AND WAGES"

We hail with pleasure the appearance of a newspaper bearing the above title, and devoted exclusively to the interests of working-women. No class in this country stands more pressingly in need of an organ to place its interests before the public, and demand the righting of grievances and heavy wrongs.

The originators of the movement, in the prospectus now before us, disclaim distinctly all advocacy of the cause of Woman's Suffrage. They say, "Perhaps one-tenth of the women of America want the ballot—although we believe this an over-statement. This small minority of women, however, are able to make a tremendous noise, because they own nearly half a score of newspapers, that are demanding in Revolution tones the ballot for women."

Instead of placing themselves in an attitude of hostility to these Suffrage newspapers, the leaders of the movement under consideration would do much better to acknowledge the great and signal services which they have rendered to the cause of work and wages. Without the initiative of the so-called agitators on the woman question no voice would have been raised to demand equal pay for men and women. They are too short-sighted, perhaps, to see that the ballot and woman's work and wages go hand in hand together; but while they are just entering the field on their war-path of reform they ought not to fling a stone at the friends who have heretofore done their work for them.

WOMAN'S LABOR IN GREAT DEMAND.—In many of the eastern states, and especially in all the great cities, there are thousands of honest, industrious men and women without homes and without employment, struggling for a precarious subsistence. Here in Montana there is remunerative labor for all, with free homes, and health and a bright future. Montana is especially desirable for women who are dependent upon their own labor for support. Good housekeepers readily command from \$75 to \$100 a month, while ordinary kitchen help commands from \$30 to \$75 a month, and thousands can find good homes and immediate employment at these figures.

The above is a portion of the circular setting forth the aims and objects of the Montana Immigrant Association. It comes from Gov. Ashley, with an earnest request for co-operation and sympathy in the movement he has set on foot to relieve the great over-crowded centres of the east. The inducements offered to working-women to seek homes in this far distant territory are particularly emphasized. The remuneration offered to house servants is very large. The circular gives every needful particular as to climate, soil, prices of living, and facilities for reaching the territory. Would that it could empty every tenement house in our cities of the pale and weary army of women who keep actual starvation from the door by making shirts at ten or fifteen cents a piece. It seems like the fable of Tantalus, however, to read of this paradise of laboring women without means to provide for this long journey. Gov. Ashley in his letter proposes that the practical women of New York shall form a society to aid poor and worthy women to reach Montana. He further writes that his wife will gladly co-operate with them, and look after the

welfare of persons sent with the endorsement of such a society. The suggestion is certainly worthy of consideration.

WOMAN IN JOURNALISM

LUCIA GILBERT CALHOUN.

Is the welcome which is given to woman in journalism the kindest assurance for the present, and the most solemn promise for the future. Their frank, earnest, honest recognition of individual power, honors as much the gentlemen of the profession as it does the women to whom they accord that recognition. There are no piques and prejudices which in any way interfere with woman's intellectual assertion. A special genius or talent commands for her the same reception and reward that it does for man, the same standard of availability tests her as it does man. Shod with sandals of fire, and bearing her golden lamp she penetrates to the treasury of Beauty and Use as easily as did the princess of the fairy tale.

There is no greater mistake than that made in the hackneyed assertion that woman is to bring into journalism some wondrous and beautiful qualities which it now lacks. Genius has a serene disregard of cost and pettiest personality, and never discriminates: its powers are even. There are men who write with as fine, as sweet, as delicate a touch as ever woman brought to inanimate pen and paper. And woman, write she never so gracefully, can have no lasting success unless she has something of the stern, quick vigor of reasoning which is commonly and foolishly described as inherent in man alone. "Jonahham," that mysterious thing, vital, electric, brilliant, yet sober and toiling, so rapid in comprehension, acceptance, and dismissal, must be learned by women as it is by men—learned almost as much through hard study as through natural aptitude.

With the exception of Margaret Fuller, who was a "solitary pearl" that had taken color and life in Greek waters, there is no woman who has made so rapid and decisive a mark in journalism as Lucia Gilbert Calhoun. Her brilliant powers, cultivated by years of earnest and universal study, have given her a position which the mere amount of her work, measured by sentence and page would not justify in an inferior writer. Full of delicate and lovely sentiment of flashes of wit, and often of striking vigor of argument, Mrs. Calhoun's writings have not needed to demand regard by multiplication.

The oldest daughter of a successful New England merchant, Lucia Gilbert, was thoroughly educated. Just after she left school her father was obliged by misfortunes in business to come to New York where he obtained a position in the Custom House. Through her father, the bright young girl became acquainted with Mr. Calhoun who was also a Custom House official, and shortly after married him. In her pleasant home Mrs. Calhoun loved and labored cheerfully unconscious that she had special talents and aptitudes which the imp of the ink-bottle were slowly waiting to translate for her. Presently a journalist, keen and discriminative in his journalism, accidentally saw a letter written by her to her brother. Struck by its terseness and sparkling charm, he assured her that she was wonderfully fitted for newspaper work, and advised her to begin it at once. He introduced her to Mr. Gay—then managing editor of the New York Tribune—who, as a trial of her jour-

nalistic capacity, asked her to report a ball. She did it in so fresh and vivacious a style that it attracted the notice of Mr. Greeley who desired his manager to engage her permanently, upon a regular salary. Thereafter, she wrote constantly, reporting balls, fashions, etc.—writing some of the most readable fashion-articles that the press has ever known. By and by she did office work for two and three hours of the day, examining correspondence, writing paragraphs, and the like. Her husband dying, she devoted herself with more necessary ardor to her work. She was sent away occasionally to do summer correspondence, and for a short time was in Washington whence she wrote several charming letters. She continued to hold her position after John Russell Young assumed the management of the *Tribune*, once in a while contributing a vigorous editorial, and a number of book reviews, marked by a peculiarly clear and sprightly style. Her review of St. Elmo brought her no little degree of fame. Having some difference of opinion with the management of the paper, she abandoned work upon it, and busied herself with editing the *Girl of the Period* articles from the *Saturday Review*, giving them a preface which is, perhaps, the most thoughtful and deeply-considered of her writings. With the induction of Mr. Whitelaw Reid to the manager's chair of the *Tribune* she resumed her labor upon the paper, and has since written, at intervals, editorials, letters and criticisms. Invited by Schuyler Colfax to join his excursion party, she went with her friend Miss Bross, and gave us the picture of her trip in a series of "Letters from Next Door," all brimming with her quick sense of humor, and keen, naive appreciation of nature. Upon her return, she became engaged and was married to Mr. Runkle, an intelligent gentleman and an able lawyer. But in spite of her new name, which she bears with her own graceful dignity, she will probably always be known as "Mrs. Calhoun" in the journalistic world.

Mrs. Runkle is about thirty, is of medium height and rather slender. She has a fine brow and large brown eyes, rapidly changeable in expression. She has a decisive mouth, whose decision is rendered less marked by a slightly projecting chin. Her hair is rich, beautiful brown, very abundant and just touched with grey shadows. She has a charming presence and talks exceedingly well.

She writes rapidly and usually after ten o'clock at night, while a little Mercury from the office waits impatiently for "copy." Her MS. is almost as crabbed as that of Mr. Greeley, but is perfection itself in arrangement and punctuation.

Her strong reason, her constant study, which has given her an apparently inexhaustible power of quotation, her humor and bright appreciation give all her writings a peculiar vital charm. Little subtleties, touches of pathos, and a certain brave, simple dignity mark the feminine element in them.

The nobility and purity of her character, and her warmth of heart, render her home the lovely and lovable place she likes it to be. But outside of that home her many friends know how her vivid practical sympathies have brought comfort and help to countless souls less peaceful than hers.

She is busy now in making her little country house in New Jersey one of the prettiest homes imaginable. She has the artistic impulses which shape the most trifling and unpromising of materials into beauty. Odds and ends of na-

ture and art she groups with a deftly sure that gives to them all the picturesque grace of carelessness. Her finger-tips have in them the perception of the artist as well as the expression of the writer.

BE SYSTEMATIC.

It is an old saying, and a very true one, that a good mistress makes a good servant. Certainly, an unpunctual, unsystematic, disorderly housewife need never expect to keep well-ordered, efficient assistants. If she has not these qualities herself, she can neither train her servants in their practice, nor can she induce those who are so taught to remain in her service. If order is heaven's first law, it is no less the first requisite of a comfortable ménage. A house without system is like a ship without a rudder. We have known many willing, tractable servants made cross, impudent and careless by the fickle-mindedness of the mistress. If a girl knows her work, and the time to do it, and is encouraged by the wise ordering of the head of the house to be punctual and regular in its performance, affairs will go on smoothly. But no matter how systematic a servant may be, if the mistress is not so, and by orders running counter to regularity hinders her servant from proceeding properly with her work, there can be nothing but disorder and confusion. The matter of household superintendence is quite as much a matter of business, calling for the same qualifications of energy, tact, provision and promptitude, as is the care of a manufacturing establishment or any other business. A merchant who does not thoroughly understand the branch of commerce in which he is engaged, cannot wisely superintend his affairs, nor can a woman who does not thoroughly understand housekeeping direct the affairs of her household with discretion and profit. Women waste an immense amount of vital energy by "going around Robin Hood's barn" to accomplish matters which require only a little straightforward energy. The trouble is, they are not taught method, and they weary themselves and their subordinates out with petty expedients and experiments, giving three times the time they should, to accomplish simple matters of home business. We long to see the day when girls will be as carefully instructed in housekeeping as young merchants are in book-keeping.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN ILLINOIS.—At the late session of the North-Western Woman's Association, speeches were made by Giles B. Stebbins, of Detroit, Miss Rebecca Mott, of Chicago, Miss Anthony, Miss Peckham, Miss Ballou, Judge Wait, and others. A constitution was presented and adopted, and the following officers were elected under it: President—M. Adele Hazlitt, Michigan. Vice-Presidents—Robert J. Ingersoll, Illinois; Lizzie Boynton, Indiana; Mrs. Fairchild, Wisconsin; Mary J. Colburn, Minnesota; Henry O'Connor, Iowa; Charles B. Stebbins, Michigan; Phoebe Osgood, Missouri, and Marion Cole, Ohio. Executive Committee—Col. Fox, Judge Wait, the Hon. George W. Julian, L. Peckham, and Miss Harriet Brooks. Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. J. W. Loomis, Treasurer—Fernando Jones. The following resolution was discussed at the afternoon session and adopted:

Resolved, That we are in favor of an amendment to the Constitution of the United States recognizing and declaring the right of women to exercise the elective franchise on equal terms with all other citizens.

ILLINOIS ABOVE WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—Mrs. Myra Bradwell, in her able journal, the *Chicago Legal News*, announces that Illinois has the honor of first giving the ballot to her women; but on further reading it seems it was an inadvertence in the framers of the new constitution. Under section I of article VII. of this document, foreign-born women who were naturalized in the state of Illinois before the first day of January last, may claim the right to vote—probably, though Mrs. Bradwell does not state the fact, because the adjective *male* was omitted before the word citizen. There are some women who have been naturalized in Illinois, but the conservative inhabitants of that state need not tremble at the idea of the feminine raid upon the ballot boxes. Mrs. Bradwell assures us that the number of women who are thus entitled to vote is very small, and those who regard the feminine element as dangerous, need fear no fatal results from this homeopathic dose of Woman Suffrage to the body politic.

A GOOD WORD FROM A FAR COUNTRY.—A kindly-disposed correspondent in the far West, writes to us the following cheering word:

THE REVOLUTION comes to our home every week, and never fails to impress us with the thought that it is doing a good work. I feel inclined to name each one connected with it, and say, "God bless you," but for the sake of brevity I will heed the suggestion of the *Hittigiri* in "Bledged In," and "bless 'em all together," not forgetting the fair lady who selects those beautiful poems, and gives one continually the impression that she must be a poem in herself.

A METHODIST REFUSING TO SAY AMEN.

A Methodist clergyman, who sends us a note from Massachusetts, sends with it the accompanying pertinent reply to some recent heresies of the Methodist press.—ED. REVOLUTION.

Back of these questions, which lie upon the surface of this case, is the not less important one of the sacredness of the marriage relation. This, indeed, has been the controlling question all through. If marriage is indeed only a contract of convenience, to be nullified at the will of either of the parties, then, indeed, the stain in such a case is not an offender, and the slayer is an unmitigated murderer. It is, therefore, quite consistently that such papers as the *Tribune* and the *Independent* excuse the guilty parties of the first offense, and condemn the avenger as a murderer of the most atrocious kind. But we are glad to know that the lessons of these corrupting teachers of a base morality have not yet brought the public sentiment of the country to their own standard. The distribution of classes of persons into parties red, specting this matter is suggestive. Errors of head and heart and life are wonderfully gracious, and heretics of all classes usually gather their kindred about them.—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

1. The *Tribune* and the *Independent* excuse the parties involved in this case for doing only what most of the states of the Union, some of our most orthodox and conservative denominations, and some of the most eminent christian apologists that have ever lived excuse them for doing.

2. Does not the *Advocate* condemn this blood-red avenger as a murderer? If not, then let it define its position. What is its whole article but an elaborate apology for this assassin?

3. Who are the most "corrupting teachers of a base morality?" those who call killing with malice afterthought murder, assassination, or those who indirectly defend it as justifiable homicide?

4. What kind of a "morality" is that which persistently misrepresents the real position, and animus of a contemporary on a question, or with reference to an issue of this sort?

But the most remarkable suggestion that has come from any respectable source touching the

duties of one of the parties involved in this unhappy case is one made by the editor of *Zion's Herald* last week:

Let Mrs. McFarland drop her assumed name, and go back to her husband's house, and let the nation tremble and pray before this overwhelming sin, and seek soberly, steadily, determinately, its utter extermination.

Think of advising this woman to go back to the arms of this loathed, brutal, drunken, indolent, adulterous madman, according to the verdict of a jury of twelve men, better suited for a cell in a mad-house than the seat of honor and confidence in a christian home. When will wonders cease? When will honor and righteousness prevail? When will the tender mercies of men cease to be cruel?

EDELWEIS.

Sweet and bitter together,
That is our portion here;
Love that is truth, growth, spirit,
That is the sweet, my dear.

Sweet and bitter together,
Reproach, and scorn, and tear,
Love that forgives not endures not,
That is the bitter, my dear.

Sweet and bitter together,
That is our portion here,
Thank Him who on one side the river,
Gives us naught but the sweet, my dear.

R. M.

Letters from Friends.

CHICAGO, ILL., June 2, 1870.

DEAR REVOLUTION: The address of the Executive Committee of the North Western Woman's Suffrage Association formed in this city last week, gives the right ring—means work—declares its special object to be the submission of a proposition for the Sixteenth Amendment the coming session of Congress—thus making itself, in *mode of work*, at least, auxiliary to the great National Union Woman's Suffrage Association inaugurated in New York. I am rejoiced to find the west awake to the humiliation, the degradation of any other method. It is as much the duty of the Federal government to prohibit the disfranchisement of any of its citizens on account of sex, as it was to prohibit the enslavement and disfranchisement of any of its citizens on account of color. First, to have enfranchised every "male citizen," rich, poor, learned, ignorant, black, white, native, foreign—everything wearing the form of manhood, outside of state prison and the lunatic asylum, and then coldly to turn around and say to intelligent, cultivated, property-holding, tax-paying, native born white women, go ask all these if you be made their constitutional peers!!! I tell you, western women don't like this.

Speak at Evanston, to-morrow (Friday) night—Sandwich, Monday, the 6th, and Wednesday and Thursday at Indianapolis; 15th and 16th at Monticello, Illinois, etc., etc.

I am longing to see the DEAR REVOLUTION, under its new managers—may it be no less, but vastly more, grand and brave than ever before is the constant prayer of

R. B. A.

ELMWOOD, ILL., May 23d, 1870.

"Thy husband shall rule over thee."

DEAR REVOLUTION: This was not, as has been supposed, a command, given by God, to Adam. God said nothing of the kind to him. He simply told Eve that this would be the case. She had tempted Adam to eat of the forbidden fruit,

and he, now knowing both good and evil, would choose the evil, and, loving himself better than her, as most men have done ever since, would cause her to yield to his wishes.

But let it ever be remembered that God never commanded Adam nor any other man to rule over his wife. It is usurpation on their part. It is not even their privilege to do so, much less their duty, as they have, heretofore, loved to believe. And any one who does thus keep his wife in subjection, goes contrary to God's original intention, and will be called to an account for it. Man's nature, by the fall, was changed from good to evil, from right to wrong, from generous to selfish, and it is his duty to strive earnestly and constantly to get back to his normal state, and to allow woman to get back to hers. What was woman's normal state? She simply followed her own desires and ruled over herself, subject, of course, to God's requirements, and, as Christ came to remove the curse from woman as well as man, she has a perfect right to get out from under the rule of man as quickly as she may, and any one who tries to hinder her, is found fighting against God. Man has no more right to invent labor-saving machines, or to take advantage of such inventions by others, or to engage in those employments which are calculated to lessen that sweat of the brow in which he was to eat bread, than the woman has, to relieve herself of the curse of having a man to rule over her. Furthermore, let it be remembered, that God said nothing to the woman about labor of any sort. Yet man obliges her to work with her own hands, thus causing her to share his curse in addition to her own. Men are terribly out of their sphere, which God himself marked out for them, and, if they would only go back into it and occupy it as they should, woman's sphere would become more apparent, and there would be need of neither argument nor force to keep her in it.

Strange, that men cannot see, that it is the evil that is in them which prompts them to rule over their wives, or, that their fancied superiority consists, in part, in the carrying out of the principles and wishes of the Evil One, whose slaves they really are. Strange, that, for so many centuries, they have made themselves believe that wives are to be the subjects or slaves of husbands by reason of a direct command from God.

We really believe that when they come to realize that God simply declared to the woman that this propensity to rule would be a direct result of the introduction of evil into the world, they will be convinced that this ruling of the woman is a damnable sin, which must be repented of and forever forsaken if they ever expect to meet their wives in heaven. Meantime, it is the duty of woman to do what she can to produce that conviction of the truth in the minds of men, which necessarily precedes conversion.

R. B. A.

A RECONSTRUCTED WOMAN.

DEAR REVOLUTION: For the first time I take up publicly the cause of woman. I am not insane, neither am I laboring under any undue excitement, and have never attended but three of the "Woman's" meetings.

Formerly, without giving the subject a second thought, I denounced in the strongest language all women who talked about "rights." But during the last six months I have thought deeply upon the whole matter on both sides. The result is, I am revolutionized, reconstruct-

ed—earnestly, soberly, conscientiously. I claim for my sex equality of rights with men.

What I desire is, a voice in the law-making. I suppose it is what all earnest women of this movement desire. We want to make laws to protect our own interests in every particular, just as men do for themselves. Claiming to be citizens, we also hold that we have duties to perform to the commonwealth as citizens. What those duties are, we claim the right to find out ourselves, not to have them imposed.

When the Southern slaves were emancipated, and ultimately granted the right of Suffrage, no heart was more rejoiced than woman's—she has always known what it is to be denied the natural rights, which God means every human creature shall enjoy. Teachers have been sent among the freedmen to prepare them for their duties to the nation. Many of the teachers are women. What a remarkable paradox is this, that the pupil shall legislate, while the teacher is declared incompetent! It seems to me that this country should be the last of any whose women are compelled to claim their birthright. As I understand it, a republic grants utter equality. Is not the very spirit of republicanism violated?

But it is urged, many women do not desire Suffrage, or equality in any direction. Some will not have it. Why should it be forced upon them? I answer, there are men living in America to-day, who do not care to vote—some who, under no circumstances whatever, will vote. Would other men, who take a profound interest in the affairs of their country, and who are proud of a freeman's right of Suffrage, be willing to give up their national privilege, because these apathetic or perverse ones ignore the duties of citizenship?

A. B. F.

New York, May 26.

Gossip.

HARVARD has one lady student of Divinity.

THE EMPRESS Eugenie is 44, the Emperor over 66.

FOUR prominent English magazines are edited by women.

FEMALES SORT the mails in the San Francisco post-office.

NOW the gossips say that John Lewis is to be married in the fall.

A HUNDRED WOMEN are preparing themselves for the bar in America.

ROMA BONNETS is going to paint bonnets in a wild and savage state hereafter.

GEORGE SAND has in press a new novel, for which she is to receive \$5,000!

GIRLS are entering the commercial class at Howard University—colored girls at that.

LOUISA MUEHLBACH, the female Sylvanus Cobb of Germany, has four new novels in press.

THERE is a fair prospect of the early establishment of a female college at Pittsburgh.

EDMUND ABOUT gets fifty thousand francs a year for writing every day a leader for the *Paris Soir*.

THE PRINCESS DE METERNICH spends more money for her dresses than the Empress Eugenie does.

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA the II., of Spain, has purchased a palace in Marseilles for three hundred thousand francs.

It is reported in London that **QUEEN VICTORIA** is about to marry one of the Princes of the small German principalities.

THE NEW ORLEANS TIMES is in favor of abandoning to women the entire business of restaurant-keeping in this country.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE has thirty-nine consecrated amulets, of which she generally wears three or four on her heart.

GOV. ASHLEY, of Montana, writes to Mrs. Howe, of Boston, urging her to organize parties of women to settle in that Territory.

WOMEN lecturers have appeared at St. Petersburg, and a lady lawyer recently pleaded an important cause at Kavar, before the Court of Appeals of Justice.

THE author of "Stone Edge" and "Lettice Lisle," published anonymously, is a sister of Miss Florence Nightingale, and the wife of an English nobleman.

MADAMEISELLE POSTOWOITOW, who, during the last Polish insurrection, was adjutant to Gen. Langiewicz, died lately at Constantinople.

PITTSBURG, Pa., has at last got a Woman Suffrage Association, composed of thirty-five members, who are delicately classed as "nearly all gushing young maids."

MISS DOROTHEA L. DIX, the angel of the prisons, is seriously sick from the effects of malaria, imbibed while travelling through some of the Southern states, visiting and inspecting hospitals for the insane.

DR. KOICKER, of Philadelphia, got into debt, and in order to save his property made it all over to his wife. The wife now refuses to deed back the property, and has applied for a divorce. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

GAIL HAMILTON is rather small, is fair, fresh and about twenty-five, always said to be an old woman who did not begin to write till past fifty. She doesn't look like a blue-stocking, but does dress well. She likes a joke, and is altogether a charming person to have in the house. No says a writer who met the lively lady at Washington.

A NUMBER of ladies in Paris have formed themselves into a society for the purpose of reforming the fashions; that is to say, to reduce the present extravagant expenditure on dress. Each lady promises to spend no much and no more, on her toilet annually, and to pay ready money.

THE London Court Journal says that if Mrs. Fawcett should succeed in gaining a seat in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone's life would not be worth three weeks' purchase. Can this fearful fact have anything to do with the Premier's attitude on the Woman's Suffrage question?

Publisher's Department.

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WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF NEW YORK.

CHARLES H. RAYMOND, President.

STATEMENT

For the year ending December 31, 1899, as reported to Hon. George W. Miller, Superintendent of the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

ASSETS.

	Par Value.	Cost	Market Value.
United States Six per cent Bonds of 1881.....	\$235,000 00	\$245,160 00	\$279,650 00
United States 5-30 Bonds, Registered.....	78,000 00	81,297 87	89,302 50
Brooklyn City Seven per cent. Public Park Bonds.....	25,000 00	26,128 00	26,000 00
Brooklyn City Seven per cent. Wallabout Bay Improvement Bonds.....	25,000 00	25,000 00	25,000 00
Virginia State Six per cent. Bonds (old).....	30,000 00	15,075 00	14,400 00
Tennessee State Six per cent Bonds.....	20,000 00	13,325 00	10,800 00
Total Stocks and Bonds.....	\$413,000 00	\$404,982 87	\$444,152 50
Interest accrued thereon.....			\$5,616 04
Loans on Bond and Mortgage—being first liens on ten simple duly recorded.....			702,200 00
Value of Lands.....	\$748,500 00		
Value of Buildings.....	983,000 00		
Total Value.....	\$1,696,500 00		
Insurance held on Buildings.....	611,160 00		
Interest due thereon.....		NONE	
Interest accrued but not due.....			4,184 71
Deferred Premium—being balance of quarterly, semi-annual, and other premiums for the year, including those due and in collection.....			128,637 28
Value of Lease of Offices, 132 Broadway, New York, and Personal Property.....			7,532 74
Cash on hand in Companies Office.....		745 60	
Cash deposited to credit of Company in Merchants' Exchange National Bank.....		28,625 45	
In New York Guaranty and Indemnity Company.....		15,500 00	
Total amount of Cash.....			\$54,898 05
Aggregate net amount of all the Assets of the Company (except future Premiums) stated at their actual and real value on Dec. 31, 1899.....			\$1,380,263 45

LIABILITIES.

Gross amount of claims against the Company, including those adjusted and in process of adjustment.....	\$1,500 00
Gross amount of claims reported on which no action has been taken.....	NONE
Claims resisted by the Company.....	NONE
Total gross amount of losses and claims.....	\$1,500 00
Amount of all other demands against the Company—Bills and Rent.....	2,416 06
Net present value or amount required to safely reserve all outstanding Policies and other obligations of the Company at the end of the year, computed at the Insurance Department of the State of New York, on American Experience Table at 4 1/2 per cent. Interest.....	\$82,227 67
Less value of Reinsurances to date.....	728 70
Cash value of Reversionary Dividends.....	\$93,498 92
	92,730 14
Total net reserve required at date.....	\$1,074,219 08
Total amount of Company's liabilities.....	\$1,074,120 72

RECAPITULATION.

Total net assets.....	\$1,330,263 45
Total liabilities.....	1,074,120 72
Gross Surplus.....	\$273,147 71
Capital Stock pledged to secure the Policies.....	200,000 00
Actual net surplus of the Company over all liabilities, including Reinsurance and Capital stock.....	\$73,147 71

RECEIPTS.

Cash premiums during year.....	\$128,500 45
Cash received for interest during year.....	65,000 00
Cash received from all other sources.....	1,178 70
Aggregate amount of income actually received during the year, in cash.....	\$200,174 95

DISBURSEMENTS.

Cash actually paid during the year for claims.....	\$67,400 30
On whole life Policies.....	20,041 41
On Endowment.....	600 30
On Annuities.....	\$67,000 04
Aggregate.....	36,600 97
Cash paid for purchase of lapsed and outstanding Policies.....	100,078 77
Cash paid for commissions, printing, salaries, taxes and all other expenditures.....	\$304,927 08

POLICY AND RISK ACCOUNT.

Number of Policies in force, December 31, 1899, 4,053.....	
Amount of Policies in force.....	\$80,636,919 00
Amount of Dividend additions thereto, December 31, 1899.....	170,800 00
Total amount of outstanding Policies and additions.....	\$80,807,719 00
The total amount of Dividends declared to policy holders, in cash, up to Dec. 31, 1899, is.....	\$181,200 45

ROBERT A. GRANNINS, Secretary

SHEPPARD ROMANS, Consulting Actuary.

G. R. WINSTON, M.D., Medical Examiner.

WILLIAM BETTS, LL.D., Counsel.

THE FARMERS AND MECHANIC LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

No. 40 WALL STREET, CORNER OF WILLIAM.

CASH CAPITAL, \$125,000.

\$100,000 DEPOSITED WITH THE INSURANCE DEPARTMENT OF THE STATE FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE POLICY HOLDERS.

All the Officers and Directors (without an exception) are Stockholders, and will take good care that the proper reserves for further protection of the Policy Holders will be made.

This Company makes a Cash Dividend to its Policy Holders of 25% to 50 per cent. each year in advance, by means of its low rates of premiums.

The safety of the Policy Holder is guarded.

All New York Companies are obliged by the State to set aside the same Reserve. The Reserve for each Company is the same, calculated on the same table of mortality, and at the same rate of interest; consequently, all are safe.

CONDITIONS OF POLICY.

This Company's policies are non-forfeitable.

This Company imposes no restriction on travel after one annual payment has been made.

This Company insures the lives of females.

This Company will not contest any legal claim.

This Company will pay claims as soon as the proof thereof is fully established.

The rates are lower than those of any other Company organized under the laws of New York, and responsible to the Insurance Department for its safety.

The Farmers and Mechanics will grant insurance to suit on the following plans:

ORDINARY LIFE, ENDOWMENT, CHILDREN ENDOWMENT, COMPOUND INTEREST, JOINT ENDOWMENT, INCOME PRODUCING, JOINT LIFE, TERM LIFE, RETURN PREMIUM, ANNUITIES.

and in addition to the above plans will issue policies on the

"TONTINE MUTUAL."

OR CHEAP PLAN FOR WORKING MEN.

Tontine Mutual is a combination of Insurance and Endowment, and is singularly adapted to the wants of a class of people who have hitherto been deterred from the benefits of Life Insurance by its heavy expenses. To insure your life on the Tontine Mutual Plan you pay \$15 once only.

You pay \$3 annually.

You pay \$1.10 whenever a death occurs in your Class.

You are certain to receive \$1,000.

And if your Class is full \$5,000.

Classes are regulated by ages.

BOTH SEXES ADMITTED IN THE SAME CLASS.

ALL HAVE TO PASS A MEDICAL EXAMINATION.

Classes are limited to 5,000 Members.

WHENEVER A CLASS IS ONCE FULL IT WILL ALWAYS REMAIN FULL.

The Company guarantees that in case your death should occur within a year, although there are not one thousand Members in your class, yet will your family receive \$1,000; but in case your Class has more than one thousand Members, then you would receive as many dollars as there are Members in your Class at the time of your death.

FIVE THOUSAND MEMBERS.

THEN \$5,000.

Class A. Admits all between the ages of 15 and 25.

Class B. Admits all between the ages of 25 and 45.

Class C. Admits all between the ages of 45 and 65.

TONTINE FUND.

At the same time that you become insured, you also become

A MEMBER OF A TONTINE FUND.

Which may give to yourself, whilst living, a large sum of money.

This is the ONLY Company in the United States doing business on a sound basis, i.e., that has a cash capital of \$125,000, and has a deposit with the State for the security of the Policy Holders, that issues policies of this kind.

SEND FOR BOOK OF RATES.

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The SARATOGA "A" SPRING WATER is probably the most effective mineral water found on either continent. It has ten per cent. greater mineral properties than the celebrated Congress Spring; four times that of Baden Baden, of Austria; twice that of Vichy, in France, and nearly three times greater than the renowned Seltzer, in Germany.

There are many waters sold for the real Saratoga "A" Spring Water, from similarity of name and appearance. Each bottle has the words blown in.

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and should always be designated by the letter "A." Do not accept "Saratoga (Bart Water," or "Saratoga Empire Water," or any other water, when you wish "Saratoga "A" Water."

From Secretary Seward.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 27th, 1866.

JOHN F. HENRY, Esq., New York.

My Dear Sir: I beg you to accept my thanks for the case of "Saratoga "A" Water" which you have kindly sent me. It is very beneficial.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

From Rev. A. H. Chapin.

14 EAST THIRTY THIRD STREET, NEW YORK, May 6th, 1866.

Dear Sir: I have heretofore used only the "Vichy" mineral water, but I have received your "Saratoga A Spring Water," and think very highly of it.

Respectfully yours,

E. H. CHAPIN.

The Hon. Horace Greeley, Editor of the N. Y. Tribune, says:

I have great confidence in the mineral waters of Saratoga, and can recommend the water of the "Saratoga A Spring" with much pleasure.

From the Vice-President.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 29th, 1866.

JOHN F. HENRY, Esq., Sec'y.

Dear Sir: I am much obliged for the case of "Saratoga A Spring Water," and I reply as to my opinion of it with pleasure. It is stronger and more effective than the Congress Water. I am greatly obliged to you for it.

In haste, but respectfully yours,

SCOTTIER COLFAR.

THE TRADE LIBERALLY DEALT WITH.

The "Saratoga A Spring Water" is securely packed in cases of four dozen pints and of two dozen quarts. It retails for the same as Congress Water, but in quantities costs the trade less. All orders must be addressed to

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A peculiar feature of the "EUREKA" (possessed by no other sharpener) consists in the Blade, which can be opened and sharpened when required.

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Our \$2.50 Black Silk reduced to \$2.00.

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Pique reduced full 40 per cent.

Our \$1.00 Pique down to 50c.

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